

**STARRING! STEEL STERLING! SERGEANT BOYLE!
BLACK HOOD! MR. JUSTICE! ARCHIE!**

NO.

7

JACKPOT

10c

FALL ISSUE

comics



[illegible]



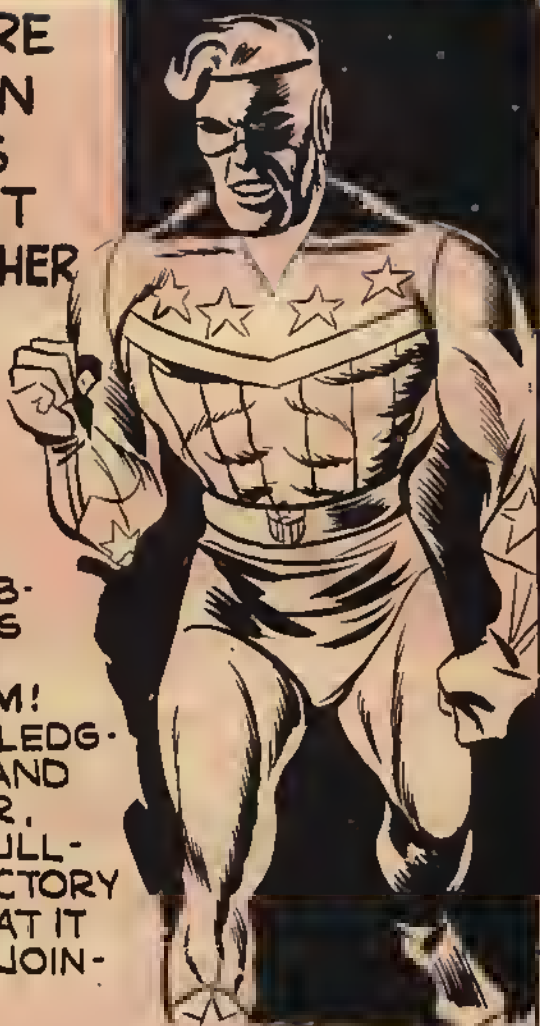
WE ARE
ALL IN
THIS
FIGHT
TOGETHER
!!!!

EXACT COPY OF BADGE
IN THREE COLORS
RED—WHITE—BLUE

**NOW, MORE THAN
EVER, YOU SHOULD BE
PROUD TO WEAR THIS
BADGE! IT MEANS MORE
THAN BEING JUST A CLUB-
MEMBER NOW! IT MEANS
SUBSCRIBING TO THE
IDEALS OF AMERICANISM!
IT MEANS THAT WE ARE PLEDG-
ING OURSELVES TO STAND
SHOULDER TO SHOULDER,
WORKING TOGETHER, PULL-
ING TOGETHER, UNTIL VICTORY
IS OURS. IN SHORT WHAT IT
AMOUNTS TO IS THAT JOIN-
ING THE SHIELD
G-MAN CLUB**

IS

**JOINING
THE ALL-OUT
DRIVE FOR
VICTORY!**



JUST PRINT PLAINLY ON THIS COUPON, YOUR
NAME, ADDRESS, AGE AND SEND IT TO ME WITH
10¢ TO COVER COST OF MAILING AND HANDLING.

Joe Higgins
Room 315
60 Hudson St.
New York City

DEAR JOE:

Please enroll me as a member of
the SHIELD G-MAN CLUB. I am
enclosing this coupon together with
Ten Cents to cover the costs of
handling and mailing my Badge and
Identification Card.

Name _____

Address _____

Age _____

STEEL STERLING

Man of Steel

CALLING ALL
AMERICANS/ DE
IS YOUR BERLIN COR-
RESPONDENT, GIVING
YOUR FEEBLE UND
DECADENT GOV-
ERNMENT DEB
MERRY
HA/HA/

U.S.A.

PROPAGANDA!
WHEN THE BLOODY SAGA
OF THIS WAR IS WRITTEN
BY HISTORIANS, THIS IS
THE WORD THAT WILL
LOOM LARGE ACROSS ITS
PAGES. THIS, THE INSIDIOUS
WEAPON THAT WILL BE
INSCRIBED AS THE FORE-
RUNNER OF THUNDER-
ING NAZI LEGIONS.

HIYA, CLANCY.
HEY! WHAT'S
EATING YOU?

SHUFF! WE JUST GOT
A LETTER FROM LOONEY
STEEL! GEE, HOW
I MISS THAT DOPE
EVER SINCE HE GOT
INTO THE ARMY!

THAT BIG JERK! HE GETS ALL
THE BREAKS/ GETS INTO THE
ARMY WITHOUT ANY TROUBLE
AND WHEN I TRY TO
ENLIST, THEY DE-
FER ME
'CAUSE I'M
A COPI!

SUDDENLY STEEL WHIRLS AND...

SHH-- QUIET, CLANCY!

JUST AS I THOUGHT! SOMEBODY WAS OUTSIDE OUR DOOR LISTENING!

LOOK, I KNOW YOU'VE BEEN FOLLOWING ME ALL THE WAY HOME NOW WHAT'S THE IDEA?

OKAY, WISE GUY, I GOT YOU DEAD TO RIGHTS! I SPOTTED YOU CARRYING A TIME BOMB-- CLANCY'LL TELL YOU WHO I AM!

SURE! YOU'RE MULLIGAN THE DETECTIVE! THE ONLY GUY DUMBER THAN LOONEY... AND YOU'VE BEEN TRAILING STEEL STERLING! YOU FAT-HEAD!

HA! HA! HERE'S THE 'TIME BOMB' I WAS CARRYING, MULLIGAN!

HUH-- WELL, GEE, WITH SO MANY SPIES AND SABOTEURS AROUND, A DETECTIVE CAN'T BE TOO CAREFUL!

WELL THAT'S THAT! NOW WHAT DOES LOONEY SAY, CLANCY?

KHM-- READ IT YOURSELF, STEEL!

Dear Steel and Clancy: I've been here at Camp Croft for 4 weeks now. Everything's fine. There's a fine bunch of guys in camp; only thing is so many of them are being transferred. Just where to is a military secret. But you can bet (over)

AWWWWK-- AND THE TRANSFER OF YOUR TROOPS FROM CAMP CROFT IS A MILITARY SECRET ONLY TO THE AMERICAN PEOPLE! WE HERE IN BERLIN KNOW THEY ARE DESTINED FOR RUSSIA!

WE ALSO KNOW EXACTLY HOW MANY THERE ARE-- OUR SPIES ARE EVERYWHERE IN YOUR COUNTRY! YOU CAN'T WIN THIS WAR!

ONCE AGAIN-- SIGN OFF ON YOU THE MERRY HA! HA!



BOY! HOW I'D LIKE TO LAY MY HANDS ON THAT MERRY HA! HA! HE'S BEEN SHOOTING THAT POISON AT US FOR A MONTH NOW!

YEAH! IT'S GETTIN' ON MY NERVES, TOO!

HELLO...YES! STEEL STERLING TALKING! WHO'S THAT? BRIGADIER GENERAL COFFEY?

YES!... CAN YOU COME OVER TO MY OFFICE AT ONCE STEEL?

BOY! THE GENERAL SOUNDED WORRIED! IT'S EVEN MONEY THIS IS TIED UP WITH THAT MERRY HA! HA! GUY!

HEY, CABBIE! FOLLOW THAT GUY!

THE WAY STERLING ZIPPED OUT OF THAT ROOM (PURE) HE'S GOT HIMSELF ACASE (GASP) AND I'M GONNA WORK WITH HIM!

HELLO! GENERAL! HERE I AM!

GREAT CAESAR! SO SOON?... WHY I HARDLY HUNG UP THE PHONE!

ARE YOU KIDDIN', CHUM? DIS IS A HACK, NOT A PURSUIT PLANE!

THIS IS JOSEPH MCGREGOR, AN OLD FRIEND OF MINE!

THE BIG NEWSPAPER PUBLISHER?

WELL, FRANKLY! MCGREGOR, YOUR POLICY OF ISOLATIONISM AND DEFEATISM HASN'T EXACTLY BEEN HELPFUL TO MORALE!

OH, THAT! IT'S PURELY THE WAY YOU LOOK AT IT, STERLING! NO ONE LOVES HIS COUNTRY MORE THAN MYSELF!

AND MY POLICY IS CAUTION, NOT DEFEATISM! WELL, GOODBYE, GENERAL

SO LONG JOE!



HEY, YOU CAN'T GO IN THERE!

OUTTA ME WAY!

NOW THAT WE'RE ALONE... UM... WHAT...

MULLIGAN!



WELL GEE, STERLING, I'M A DETECTIVE AND I'M ITCHING TO TRAIL SOMEBODY... ANYBODY, ESPECIALLY SPIES! I'M A TERROR WITH SPIES, I AM... HAW!



AW GEE-- OKAY, I'LL WAIT!

WHY HELLO, JOE! WHAT'S WRONG? FORGET SOMETHING?

YES! MY HAT HERE! SORRY TO BREAK IN LIKE THIS!



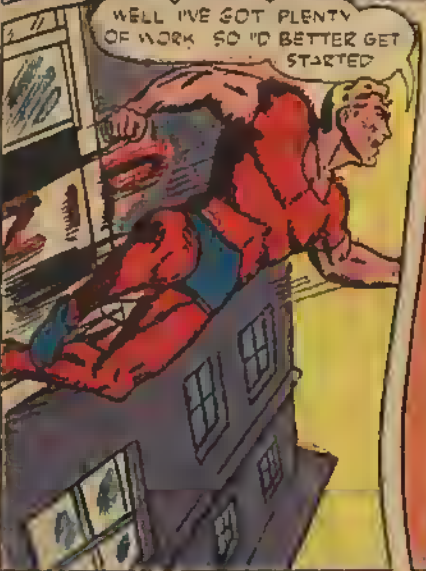
AND NOW STERLING, ABOUT THIS MERRY HUH! CHAP! FUNKIN' WE'S GOT US WORRIED-- SO WORRIED THAT OUR F.B.I. IS MAKING THE MOST INTENSIVE ALIEN ROUND-UP IN ITS HISTORY!

I SEE-- AND YOU WANT ME TO HELP!



EXACTLY... HERE IS A LIST OF THE SPY SUSPECTS IN THIS AREA-- WE WANT THEM!

AND YOU'LL GET THEM, SIR! THIS IS NO JOB! IT'S A PLEASURE!



WELL I'VE GOT PLENTY OF WORK SO I'D BETTER GET STARTED



EXCUSE A GENERAL YOU WANTA YOUR SHAVE-A AND HAIR-CUT TODAY?



JUST THE SHAVE, TONY, COME OVER LIGHTLY!

SURE-A GENERAL IT'S-A OKAY, I TURN ON DA RAD-IO! I MAKE-A DA BETTER SHAVE WIT GOOD-A MUSIC!

AH...RGOLETTA
SHE'S-A ONE FINE
OPERA...NOW I
GIVE-A YOU DA
SHAVE LIKE-A
DA SONG.

HEY,
WHASSA
DAT?

WWWRRK...BERLIN
BROADCASTING A
MERRY HA'HA' TO YOU
BRIG, GENERAL COFFEY-
AND TO STEEL STERL-
LING TOO, YOUR
AGENT.
HA HA HA!

CONFOUND IT! IT'S UNCANNY!
HOW COULD THAT NEWS HAVE
GOTTEN OUTSIDE THIS OFFICE
LET ALONE TO GERMANY?
THAT BLASTED MERRY HA'HA!
IS MAKING US A
LAUGHING STOCK!

OOOO...IM-A MILD
TOO, GENERAL! TONY
IS A DA GOOD AMERICAN!
HE'S-A NO CAN
STAND-A
FASCISTS!

HEY TONY...
EASY WITH THE
RAZOR!

HOW I LIKE A
TO SHAVE,
DAT MERRY
HA'HA!
AND-A
DAT
FAT-A
MUSSOLINI
...GRR--

WELL? NOW
LOOK WHAT YOU'VE DONE!
SHAVED OFF MY MUSTACHE
AND GOT BLOOD ALL
OVER MY UNIFORM! I'LL
HAVE TO CHANGE INTO
MY CIVILIAN CLOTHES
UNTIL I LET THESE
CLEAN-
ED!

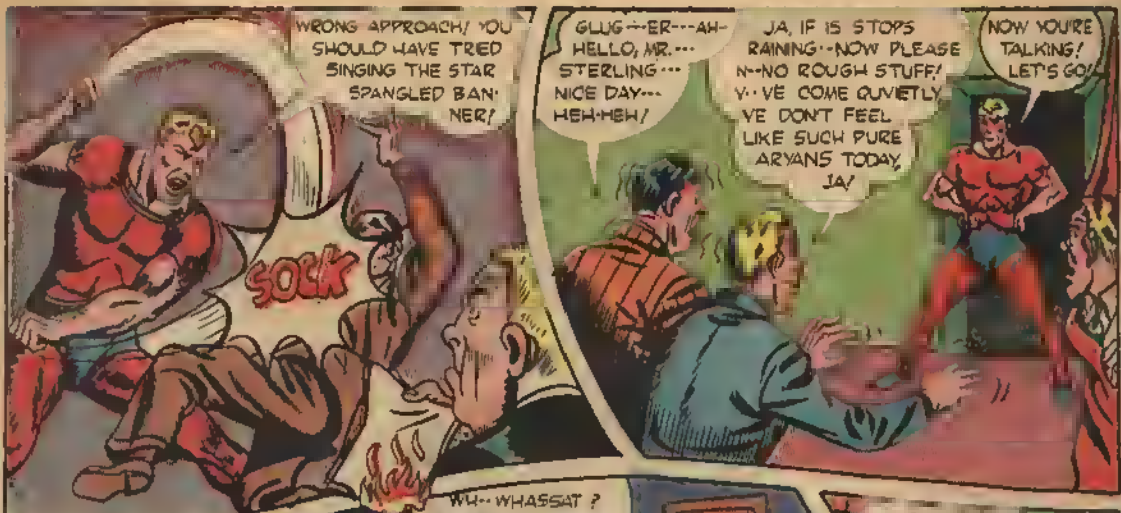
MEANWHILE, STERLING IS DOING A LITTLE 'CLEANING'
OF HIS OWN...

OKAY JAIL-BAIT, YOU'RE GOING FOR A RIDE
ON A SLEEPER DOWN TO JAIL!

FROM ONE END OF TOWN DOWN TO THE OTHER
ZIPPS THE MAN OF STEEL IN HIS ONE-MAN
BLITZKRIEG...

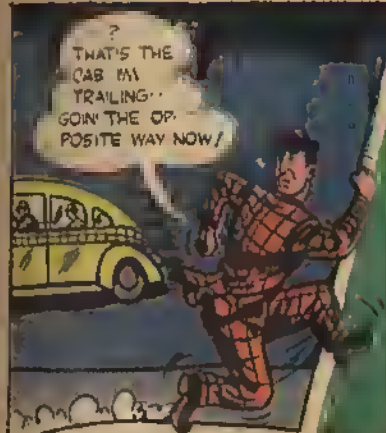
ULP... IT'S
SHTEEEL
SHTERLING.
HANS!
QUICK, BURN
DER
RECORDS!

HE... HE...
CAN'T TOUCH
US... IT--IT'S
UNCONSTITUTIONAL!



NOW LET US LOOK IN ON THE ALERT MULLIGAN, WHO IS STILL WAITING FOR STEEL STERLING.





?
THAT'S THE
CAB I'M
TRAILING--
GOIN' THE OP-
POSITE WAY NOW!



WITHOUT MY MUSTACHE
AND UNIFORM,
FEEL LIKE A
CRIMINAL IN
HIDING!



NOW, LET'S SEE, WHERE
ARE THOSE PAPERS?



GOT YA, REP
HANDS YA SPY!

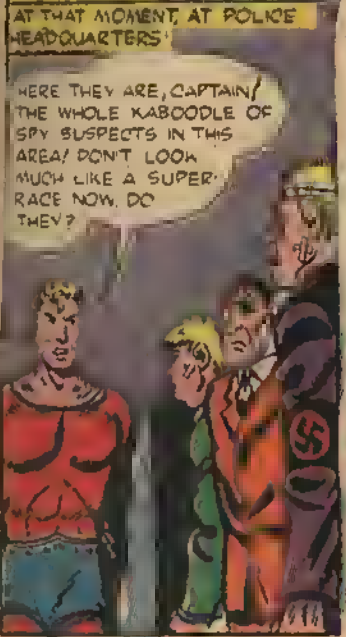
ME--SPY--
YOU CRAZY,
MULLIGAN?



OH, SO YOU
KNOW ME, MUH?!
GOT QUITE A
REP WITH YOU
NAZIS!

BUT--
BUT--I'M NO
NAZI, I TELL
YOU! I'M--

GOT YOU RATTLED,
EH? NOW I'LL
REALLY GET
WORK ON
YA!



AT THAT MOMENT, AT POLICE
HEADQUARTERS:

HERE THEY ARE, CAPTAIN!
THE WHOLE KABOODLE OF
SPY SUSPECTS IN THIS
AREA! DON'T LOOK
MUCH LIKE A SUPER-
RACE NOW, DO
THEY?



WOULD WORK, STERLING!
NOW WE'RE REALLY GET-
TING SOMEWHERE IN OUR
DRIVE AGAINST ESPION-
AGE! LET'S SEE THAT
MERRY HA! HA! GET
HIS INFORMATION,
NOW!



ANYWAY, MERRY
HA! HA! BROADCAST-
ING! YOUR DRIVE AGAINST
OUR SPES IS FUTLE,
AMERICA--THERE
ARE THOUSANDS
MORE
THROUGHOUT
YOUR COUNTRY!

GIVE UP THIS FUTILE WAR, AMERICANS, YOU ARE TOTALLY UNPREPARED, THANKS TO YOUR STUPID GOVERNMENT! A MERRY HA! HA! TO YOU STEEL STERLING...

HOW THE HECK DID THEY FIND OUT ABOUT ME SO FAST? I'M GOING BACK TO THE GENERAL'S OFFICE AND CHECK ON LEAKS!

NOW COME CLEAN, I TELL YOU! YOU'RE ONLY MAKING IT TOUGHER FOR YOURSELF

GREAT GRIEF! WHAT GIVES HERE?

W-W-WATER!

MULLIGAN, YOU DOPE! JUST WHAT ARE YOU TRYING TO PULL ANYWAY?

THIS GUY'S A SPY, STERLING! I CAUGHT HIM SNEAKING INTO THIS OFFICE!

WHY SHOULDN'T HE COME INTO THIS OFFICE, IT'S HIS! THIS IS BRIGADIER GENERAL COFFEY!

HE IS?

AND GENERAL THIS TIME WE CAN BE SURE THE INFORMATION CAME FROM THIS OFFICE TODAY!

HEW-IT DOES SEEM SO AT THAT, BUT HOW? WE WERE COMPLETELY ALONE AFTER MCGREGOR LEFT!

WAIT A MINUTE--- THERE MIGHT HAVE BEEN AN EAVESDROPPER AT THAT!

YA THINK HE MIGHT BE HIDIN' IN A DRAWER STEEL?

GREAT CAESAR! A DICTAPHONE IN MY OWN OFFICE!

YES THAT ACCOUNTS FOR THE WAY THEY GOT THEIR INFORMATION, BUT NOT THE SPEED BERLIN HAS BEEN GETTING IT-- MULLIGAN, TURN ON THE RADIO!

SQUAWK--BURP--REMEMBER,
AMERICANS, DER THIRD REICH
IS YOUR FRIEND/VE LOVE
YOU LIKE BROTHERS--
BLA--BLA--

NOW I'LL JUST RUB
MY TONGUE BETWEEN
MY TEETH AND INTER-
CEPT THAT BROADCAST

BOY, ARE WE SIMPLE! THAT
BROADCAST ISN'T COMING
FROM BERLIN
AT ALL! IT'S
RIGHT IN
THE CITY!

WHAT!

DIS IS BERLIN,
SIGNING OFF VUNCE
AGAIN GIFFING YOUR
STUPID GOVERNMENT
DER MERRY
HA! HA!

GOOT! NOW
VE TURN ON DER
RADIO UND GET
DER REACTION
FROM OUR BROAD-
CAST! HA, HA,
HA, HA!

I'M GOING TO TRACE IT WHILE
THEY'RE STILL BROADCAST-
ING! MULLIGAN, STICK A-
ROUND! I SUSPECT THERE'LL
BE A VISITOR TO THIS OF-
FICE TONIGHT!

--AND SO VE REPEAT--
DER NEW ORDER VISHES
ONLY FOR PEACE!
VAR HAS BEEN
FORCED UPON US--
BLA--BLA--
BLA--

BLASH!

SPECIAL MESSAGE FROM
BRIGADIER GENERAL COFFEY!
MERRY HA! HA! WILL BE
APPREHENDED BEFORE
HE CAN COUNT
THREE!

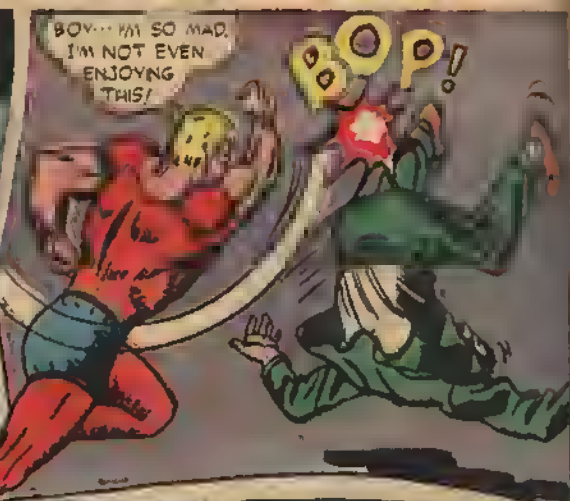
HO, HO, HO! HEAR
DOT, HANS, DOTS
REALLY RICH!

VE WILL COUNT
FOR DEM, MEH,
MEH/ VUN--
TWO...

THREE! YOU'VE
HAD YOUR FUN!
NOW I'LL HAVE
MINE!

UUP...
SHTEEL
SHTERLING!

CRASH



SEE, IM SORRY I
DONT KNOW
IT WUZ YOU!

SORRY! YOU--
YOU //G?-- ALL
MOST KILLED
ME!

IT WUZ STERLINGS
IDEA! HE TOLD ME
HE EXPECTED
THE RINGLEADER
OF THE SPES
HERE TONIGHT!

YOU
DONT
SAY?

MAGINE ARRESTIN
YOU AS THE
RINGLEADER

YES, HA, HA!
WELL-ER--LL
RUN ALONG NOW

?
HELLO, MR. MCGREGOR,
GOING SOMEWHERE--
YOU RAT!

EXTRA DAILY BLADE EXTRA

EXTRA!!!
JOSEPH MCGREGOR
ARRESTED AS
A FIFTH
COLUMNIST...



JOSEPH MCGREGOR
JOSEPH MCGREGOR
WILL HAVE
PLENTY TO
SAY, POLICE
PROMISE, WHEN
HE COMES
OUT OF THE
HOSPITAL.

MCGREGOR BREAKS
DOWN AND CONFESSES
ALL AFTER A "TALK"
WITH STEEL STERLING

WELL, MAYBE IT
WUZ A HUNCH
WITH YOU, STEEL,
BUT I HAD MY
TABBED ALL
ALONG!

YES-- I DONT
DOUBT YOUR
GENIUS, MULLIGAN!
NOW I'VE GOT A
LITTLE SOME-
THING FOR
YOU!

GEE,
THEN
GENIUS, YOU'RE
NOT MAD
AT ME
GENERAL

HOSE EDITORIALS OF HIS HAD
SOURD ME ON HIM TO BEGIN
WITH, AND HE HAD ACCESS
TO YOUR OFFICE BECAUSE
HE WAS YOUR FRIEND! IT WAS
A HUNCH THAT MADE ME
THINK HED TRY AND GET
THAT DICTAPHONE
OUT OF HERE AS
SOON
AS HE
SAW
YOU
CALL
ME IN
ON THE
CASE!



DONT FORGET, GANG! THE LAUGH
SEN-
SATION OF THE NATION 'ARCHIE,' IS AP-
PEARING IN A COMIC MAGAZINE OF HIS
OWN. WATCH FOR 'ARCHIE COMICS,' ON
SALE AT YOUR NEWSSTAND SOON!

THE BUTLER ANNOUNCES—MURDER!

A STEEL STERLING STORY

by SCOTT FELDMAN

THERE was no bullet in the floor. There wasn't one in the wall, either.

That was the curious part of the murder.

Steel Sterling didn't get it. He continued to stare at the chalk outline on the floor.

When Benchley, the butler, entered Mark Wilson's solarium, and found his master lying on the floor, with a neat hole through his temple, it appeared simple enough. Some killer had shot Wilson as he lay asleep. But when the coroner arrived and discovered that the hole went through the back of Wilson's head, and that there was no bullet lodged anywhere in the room, it began to get puzzling.

The bullet-hole was usual looking, approximately a quarter inch in diameter, with little flecks all around. The coroner immediately thought of the trick of shooting ice bullets which melted a few seconds after entering the body, but ice bullets would not leave little flecks around the wound.

The Chief of Police asked Steel Sterling to look into the matter. Steel collected Clancy and Looney, and the three went to look the place over.

Mark Wilson had been dead two hours when the butler found him.

Wilson had been an invalid. The solarium was large, and well-equipped, and it was almost constantly in use. It was a wide room, topped off by a closed skylight through which hot sun blazed. All around were sun lamps, diathermy machines, and other paraphernalia.

Clancy walked around the room, gingerly examining the machines. And Looney, seeing a chance to grab off a little of the cross-examination glory without his partner, stared suspiciously at Benchley and said, "You found him, huh? Where were you while he'd been laying there dead for two hours?"

Benchley turned a frosty glance on Looney and said, "It was my afternoon off."

"Pretty convenient," said Looney. "How can you prove that you didn't

come back and give Wilson the bump?"

Benchley smiled tightly. "I spent the afternoon at a meeting of my social club miles away," he said. "Over fifty people saw me, and I didn't leave the place for a minute."

Steel Sterling continued to stare around the room, trying to work out a solution. Then, suddenly, his eyes lit up and he zipped over to Clancy.

Steel whispered something to Clancy. Clancy bobbed his head in understanding, and The Man of Steel zipped back to Looney and Benchley.

"Never mind the questions, Looney," said Steel. "Our only chance of success lies in reconstructing the crime." He turned to the butler. "You can help us discover your master's murderer."

"I'll do anything you say, sir," said Benchley. "Mr. Wilson was very good to me."

"Very well," said Steel. "Lie down on the floor there, where the police have drawn the outline of the position of the dead man's body."

Benchley turned chalk-white. He ran his tongue over dry lips. Then he forced himself to lie down on the floor.

"You're closest in size to Wilson," explained Steel. He began a series of calculations, observing, noting, counting aloud. And then Benchley began to twitch.

"Haven't I lain here long enough?" he asked, in a choked voice.

"Lay there," said Steel, coldly. "Don't move your head."

A minute ticked by, with Steel continuing his calculations. Again Benchley protested. Beads of sweat stood out all over his face. "I can't lie here any longer, sir," he whispered, hoarsely. "I—I'm squeamish. . ."

"I'm not finished with my calculations," said Steel. "Stay there!"

Hot sweat rolled down the butler's face onto his white shirt-front. And then, in a hair-raising tone, he screamed. "You tricked me," he howled. "You put it back. He leaped to his feet, and his hand clawed at his inside pocket.

The Man of Steel zipped forward, and his hard fist smashed into the butler's face. Benchley slammed against the wall, and Steel hit him again. The butler went down for the count.

"There's your murderer," said Steel. "My guess is that Wilson will ed his fortune to Benchley thinking the butler faithful . . . and Benchley found out about it and decided to hurry the inheritance along."

Looney's face twisted into a frown. "But how could he have done the job?" he asked. "He wasn't anywhere in the neighborhood."

"Look, Looney," said Steel. "Notice how that skylight above us slopes to a point? Well, Benchley drugged Wilson, laid him on the ground of the solarium . . . and substituted a circular fragment of magnifying glass for the ordinary glass. The sun burned a hole right through Wilson's head . . . and Benchley wasn't anywhere near the place when the murder was committed. Benchley could have used poison, since he was the only servant and therefore the one who mixed Wilson's medicine, but he would surely have been suspected. The way he picked was better for his purpose."

Looney continued to frown. "But why was he so squeamish about lying on the floor where the dead man had been that he gave himself away?" he asked. "A guy nerved enough to commit murder surely would have enough nerve to stick out a little unpleasantness."

"You don't understand," said Steel. "As soon as Benchley lay down on the floor, Clancy trained a sunlamp on his head. He couldn't see it the way he was laying. Naturally, Benchley had removed the magnifying glass and restored the original glass when he 'discovered' the body, but he probably has it hidden in his room and he thought we'd found it and put it back up in the skylight. So he just went wild."

The Man of Steel sighed. "You know, Looney," he said, "criminals aren't very smart. Otherwise," he smiled, "they wouldn't be criminals!"

CLANCY AND LOONEY

BY
HUSSELL

HEY!
PULL OVER
TO THE CURB!
YAS, I MEAN
YOU!

TWEET TWEET

?

HA, HA! I'M
AFRAID I WENT
RIGHT THROUGH
THAT RED LIGHT
OFFICER, BUT

AW, SHUT UP,
GRANDPA! YOU
GUYS GIMME A
PAIN! ALL YOU CAN
DO IS THINK UP
ALIBIS!

AND FURTHERMORE
THAT FLUGITIVE FROM THE
JUNKHEAP IS A PUBLIC
MENACE! PEOPLE AIN'T
SAFE WITH THAT RATTLE-
TRAP LOOSE!

SHHH!
MY WORD,
DON'T YELL
SO LOUD!
YOU'RE AT-
TRACTING A CROWD!



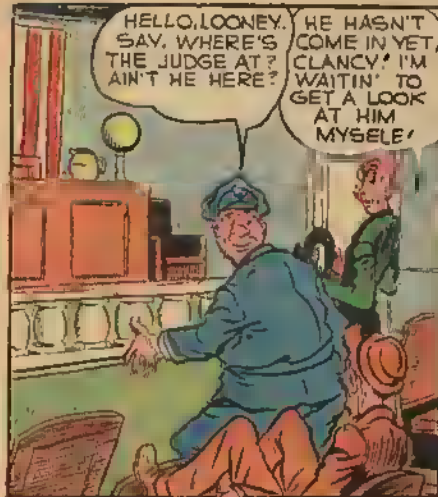
A FUNNY GUY, EH?
O.K. BUD! LET'S ME
AND YOU HOP DOWN
TO TRAFFIC COURT
WHERE IT'S MORE
PRIVATE!

NOW THAT
ISN'T A BAD
IDEA, OFFICER!
LET'S GET
GOING!

I HEAR THE NEW
JUDGE HATES
RECKLESS DRIVERS!
YOU'LL BE LUCKY
IF YOU DON'T
GET SENT UP!

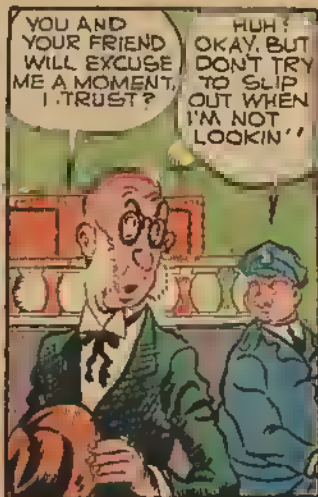
YOU
DON'T
SAY?





HELLO, LOONEY. SAY, WHERE'S THE JUDGE AT? AIN'T HE HERE?

HE HASN'T COME IN YET, CLANCY. I'M WAITIN' TO GET A LOOK AT HIM MYSELF.



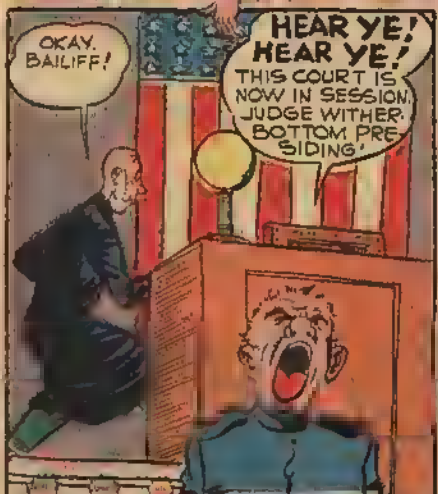
YOU AND YOUR FRIEND WILL EXCUSE ME A MOMENT, I TRUST?

HUH? OKAY, BUT DON'T TRY TO SLIP OUT WHEN I'M NOT LOOKIN'!



SAY, WHAT IN THE...?

HE WENT INTO THE JUDGE'S CHAMBERS! GEE, MAYBE HE'S A FRIEND OF HIS!



OKAY, BAILIFF!

HEAR YE! HEAR YE! THIS COURT IS NOW IN SESSION, JUDGE WITHER, BOTTOM PRESIDING!



NOW THEN, OFFICER! WHAT WERE YOU GOING TO SAY?

WELL, IT WAS THIS WAY, JUDGE. H-HOLY SMOKE! Y-YOU'RE JUDGE W-WITHER B...



OOOOH!

SPLOP!



LATER, AT HEADQUARTERS

STUPID, LAME - BRAIN TRICKS! ARRESTING THE JUDGE! IMAGINE!

B-BUT GOSH, CHIEF! HOW WAS I TO KNOW WHO HE WAS?



THE TROUBLE WITH YOU, SERGEANT CLANCY IS YOU'RE TOO ANXIOUS TO PINCH PEOPLE! IN TIMES LIKE THIS WE NEED A LITTLE GOOD NEIGHBOR POLICY RIGHT HERE AT HOME! ETC...ETC...



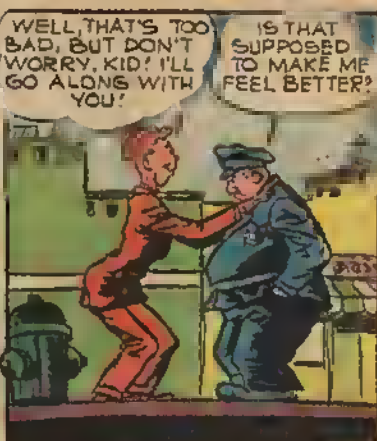
X!T G! BLANK...

BOY, OF ALL THE PRIZE DOPES! SAY? WHAT'S WRONG, KID?

AW, THE CHIEF SAID I WAS GETTIN' JUMPY, SO HE ASSIGNED ME A BEAT WAY OUT IN THE STICKS AS A REST!



NO KIDDIN'!



WELL, THAT'S TOO BAD, BUT DON'T WORRY, KID! I'LL GO ALONG WITH YOU!

IS THAT SUPPOSED TO MAKE ME FEEL BETTER?

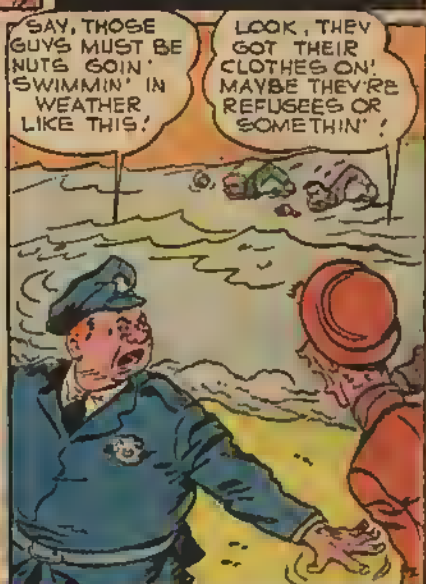


WELL, HERE WE ARE! BOY, WHAT A JOINT! THAT WIND SURE IS COLD!

AW, QUIT GRIPIN'! MY UNCLE HAS A COTTAGE HERE! WE'LL GO SEE HIM AN' GET SOME HOT LEMON-ADE LATER!

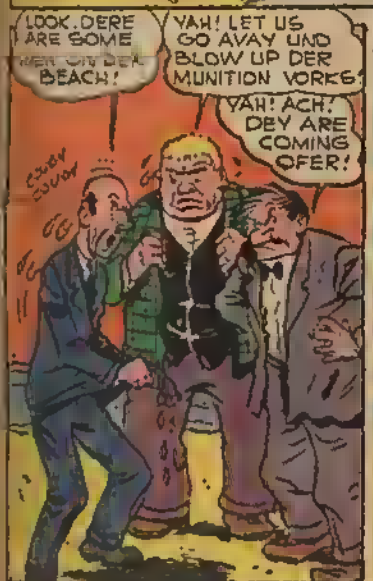


BUT WHAT EVER HAPPENS IN A DEAD DUMP LIKE THIS? I'LL GO BATS WITH NOTHIN' TO DO!



SAY, THOSE GUYS MUST BE NUTS GOIN' SWIMMIN' IN WEATHER LIKE THIS!

LOOK, THEY GOT THEIR CLOTHES ON! MAYBE THEY'RE REFUGEES OR SOMETHIN'!



LOOK, DERE ARE SOME MEN ON DER BEACH!

YAH! LET US GO AWAY AND BLOW UP DER MUNITION YERKS!

YAH! ACH, DEY ARE COMING OFER!



MAYBE THEIR SHIP GOT TORPEDOED!

LEMME HANDLE THIS, LOONEY! IF THEY'RE FOREIGNERS WE WANTA MAKE 'EM FEEL AT HOME! REMEMBER THAT GOOD NEIGHBOR POLICY!



WELCOME TO OCEAN CITY, FOLKS! SAY, THAT'S A BAD COLD YOU GOT THERE!

AAAAHH CHOO!

THAT MAN HAS TO
BE KEPT WARM! WE'D
BUILD A FIRE BUT IT
AIN'T ALLOWED...
MIGHT ATTRACT
SPIES OR SOMETHIN'!

LET'S TAKE
HIM TO UNCLE
CALEB'S HOUSE!

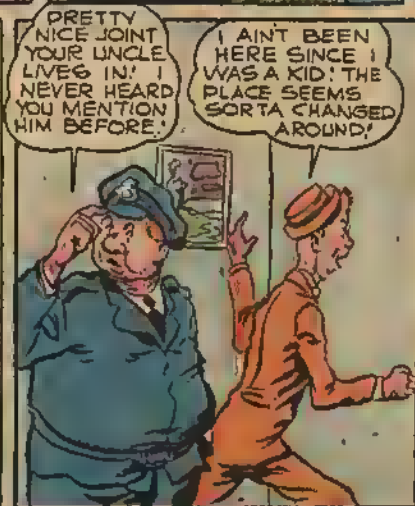
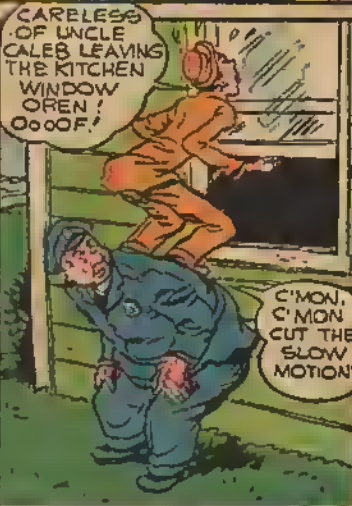
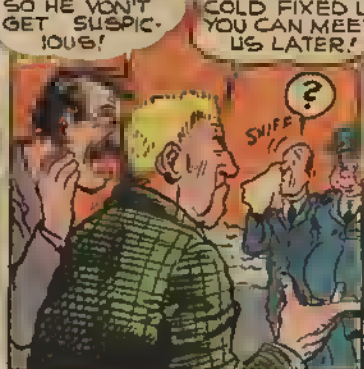
ACH!
PLEASE
DON'T
BODDER!

DOT FAT YUN
ISS A POLICE
MAN! I RECOGNIZE
DER UNIFORM!
BETTER VE SHOULD
DO LIKE HE SAYS
SO HE YON'T
GET SUSPIC-
IOUS!

DOT'S RIGHT!
VOT YOU SAY,
ADOLF? YOU
GO MIT DESE
NIZE PEOPLES
UND GET YOUR
COLD FIXED UP!
YOU CAN MEET
US LATER!

WELL, WHY
DON'T YOU
RING THE
BELL, DOPEY?

I DID! THEY
AIN'T NOBODY
HOME! WE'LL
HAFTA BUST
IN!



MEANWHILE, THE OTHER
NAZIS ARE GETTING
IMPATIENT...

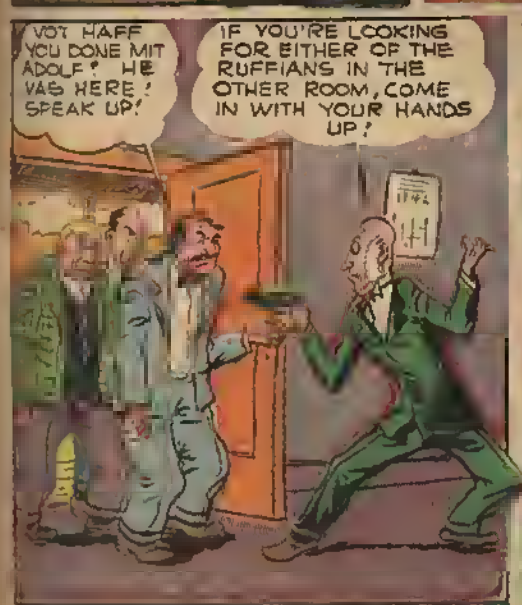
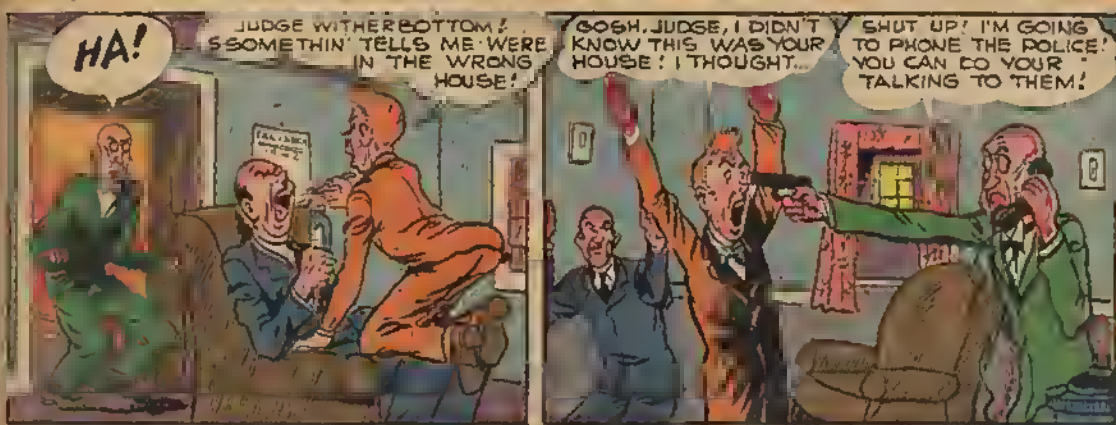
ACH! VOT ISS
KEEPING ADOLF?
HE ISS DER KEY
MAN!

MAYBE IT
GIFTS TROUBLE!
COME, YE GO
BACK UND
GET HIM!

AT THAT
MOMENT...

AH! AFTER A
BUSY WEEK IN THE
COURTS, THERE IS
NOTHING LIKE THE
GOOD SALT AIR!





LET'S HAVE A LITTLE MORE
QUIET IN HERE! HEY, LOONEY,
STICK AROUND FOR A WHILE!
I GOTTA GO ARREST
SOME BURGLARS!

POW!

ZOK!

MEANWHILE THE CHIEF IS
WAITING FOR CLANCY TO
RETURN.

WHERE'S HE PHO-
NING FROM ANYWAY, MADISON
SQUARE GARDEN?
SOUNDS LIKE A...

?

DOT TAKES CARE
OF DEM! OMCK, HUGO
ADOLF, LET'S GET
OUT! VE HAF AL-
READY VASTED
TOO MUCH
TIME!

YAH! NOW VE
GO UND SABOTAGE
SOME INDUSTRIES
UND VOT NOT,
NO?

ULP!

YAH! HA! DEY
ARE ALL COLD
LIKE BISMARCK.
DER HERRING?

PFOOEY
ON DOSE
DOSES!

COUGH
COUGH!
ACH! I
STILL GOT
MY COLD!

VAS ISS?
DER COPS!

ACH HIMMEL!
DON'T SHOOT!
VE GIFF UP!

WHERE
DID THEY
COME FROM?

THE CHIEF WAS
RIGHT! THEY'RE
SPIES, ALL RIGHT!

EXTRA
DAILY MIRROR
ESPIONAGE PLOT
FOILED!

A DARING NAZI
PLOT TO SABO-
TAGE EASTERN
WAR PLANTS WAS
UNCOVERED
LATE THIS
AFTERNOON BY
THE HEROIC
EFFORTS OF
SERGEANT
CLANCY AND
DETECTIVE
ALEC BEN LUIER
ACCORDING TO
SERGEANT
CLANCY HE
SPOTTED THE
U-BOAT OFF
OCEAN CITY

NICE GOING,
CLANCY! A
BRILLIANT IDEA
LEAVING THE
PHONE OFF THE
HOOK SO I COULD
HEAR THE WHOLE
HIN!

NOTHIN' TO IT,
CHIEF! IF VA
GOT ANY MORE
SPIES JUST
CALL ON US!

DETECTIVE ALEC
BEN LUIER AND
SERGEANT CLANCY
RELATED
LEVER
RUGE
TO THE N
NOT
WAS THE

WE KNOW IT'S HARD TO
BELIEVE, BUT THOSE TWO
SUPER(S) SLEUTHS, CLANCY
AND LOONEY GET STILL DUMBER,
LUCKIER AND FUNNIER IN THE
NEXT ISSUE OF JACKPOT COMICS

THE

REGISTERED UNITED STATES PATENT OFFICE

BLACK HOOD

MAN OF
MYSTERY



A WEIRD AND
SIBILANT MELODY FLOATS
THROUGH THE AIR - AND MEN
AND WOMEN FOLLOW THE
SOUND OF THE MUSIC TO
THEIR DOOM. WHAT IS THE
STRANGE POWER HELD BY
THE PIED PIPER, MAD
MUSICIAN OF MURDER? WHO
IS THIS BEING WHO STEPS
OUT OF A LEGEND TO
BRING DEATH TO ALL
HE SERENADES?
READ ON AND
SEE....

ONE STORMY NIGHT, AS CLOUDS SCUTTLE ACROSS THE MOON, A CAR MOVES SPEEDILY ALONG AN OLD BRIDGE...

INSIDE THE CAR ARE KIP BURLAND AND BARBARA SUTTON

AND SOMETHING STRANGE AND HORRIBLE IS ABOUT TO HAPPEN...

WHAT A TERRIBLE NIGHT, KIP! IT GIVES ME THE FUNNIEST FEELING, AS THOUGH

I KNOW! I FEEL THE SAME WAY! AS THOUGH SOMETHING STRANGE AND TERRIBLE IS ABOUT TO HAPPEN!

SEVERAL YARDS DOWN THE ROAD, A STRANGE MUSICIAN PLAYS HIS PIPE AND SENDS SAVAGE MUSIC THROUGH THE AIR...

AND FROM A MANSION IN THE DISTANCE, A BLANK-EYED MAN WALKS TOWARD THE MUSIC...

I'VE GOT TO FOLLOW THAT MELODY!

GO T TO FOLLOW THAT MELODY

HOLY CATS! THERE'S A MAN RIGHT IN OUR PATH! I'LL HAVE TO SWERVE OFF THE ROAD TO AVOID HITTING HIM!

KIP'S CAR SMASHES INTO A TREE BUT THE BLANK-EYED MAN DOESN'T EVEN TURN. HE CONTINUES TO MOVE FORWARD DIRECTLY TOWARD THE MUSIC.

GEE, THAT'S STRANGE! THE GUY DIDN'T EVEN NOTICE US. YOU HURT, BARBARA!

NO - JUST SHAKEN, I GUESS.

SIRANGE - THAT MAN ACTING
LIKE THAT! HE DIDN'T EVEN
ATTEMPT TO GET OUT OF
THE WAY OF THE CAR!

QUICKLY KIP REMOVES HIS
OUTER CLOTHING, AND EMERGES
AS THE BLACK HOOD...

TO WAIT HERE BARBARA!
I'VE GOT TO LOOK INTO
THIS

HOLY CATS!
HE'S FALLEN
INTO A QUAS-
MIRE!

HERE Y'ARE, MISTER. GRAB
THIS AND I'LL HELP YOU OUT.

SUDDENLY...

'MEDDLING
FOOL!'

HERB'S WHAT YOU
GET FOR STICKING
YOUR NOSE INTO
MY BUSINESS!

AND HERE'S
WHAT YOU
GET!

AND THAT'S
ONLY THE
BEGINNING!

SOCK

BAM

BAH! I HAVE NO TIME
TO FOOL WITH YOU!
TAKE THIS!

BAM!

AND NOW I'D BETTER
GET AWAY FROM HERE!

BARBARA COMES RUNNING UP...

HOOD! WHAT'S
HAPPENED?

NO TIME TO
TALK, NOW!
I'VE GOT TO
GET TO THAT
FELLOW
IN THE
SWAMP!

THE HOOD FISHES THE
BLANK-EYED MAN OUT OF
THE SWAMP, AND...

POOR FELLOW.
HE'S DONE FOR.
I'D BETTER
GET TO THE
NEAREST
HOUSE
AND
CALL
THE
POLICE!

HEY! WHAT'S
GOING ON
HERE!

THE DOOR IS OPENED
BY THE BUTLER.

WHY, IT -
IT'S JIM!
WHAT'S
HAPPENED
TO HIM?

I'M AFRAID
HE'S DEAD!
WE'D BETTER
GO INTO THE
HOUSE AND
PHONE THE
POLICE!

PELHAM!
WHAT'S
WRONG?

MR. JIM
DEAD!

AS THE BLACK HOOD LAYS
JIM'S BODY ON THE COUCH,
THE THREE REMAINING MEM-
BERS OF THE FAMILY RUSH
INTO THE ROOM.

GOOD LORD!

EEE

SHALL I CALL
THE POLICE
MR. ABEL?

ABSOLUTELY
NOT! NO
POLICE!

AND WHO ARE YOU TO GIVE SUG-
GESTIONS AROUND HERE? YOU'RE
ONLY THE CARETAKER, AND DON'T
YOU FORGET IT!
NOW GET OUT-
SIDE!

Y-YES
SIR!

OUTSIDE..

WELL, KIP
WHAT DO WE
DO NOW?

I'LL TELL Y
WHAT YOU'RE
GOING TO
DO NOW

YOU'RE GOING
TO TAKE THIS CAR
AND GO ON HOME.
NOW DON'T PROTEST
YOUNG LADY, I PROMISE
YOU A SWELL STORY...
BUT GIT!

SUDDENLY, MARTIN
JIM'S OTHER BROTHER,
STEPS FORWARD...

AND WHAT MY
BROTHER ABEL
SAYS GOES FOR
YOU TOO. WE'LL
HANDLE THIS!
GET OUT!

OKAY,
PAL
AS YOU
SAY!

AND INSIDE
THE HOUSE.

I TELL YOU SOMEBODY
IS OUT TO MURDER
US!

I KNOW,
I KNOW,
BUT WHO?

DEATH! MURDER!!
WHICH ONE OF
US WILL BE
NEXT?

WHO'D
WANT TO
KILL JIM?
HE WAS
ALWAYS
KEEPING TO
HIMSELF. HE
HAD NO ENEMIES!

THERE'S
MURDER
LURKING IN
THIS HOUSE
SAFE! NOBODY!

AS ONE O'CLOCK STRIKES
THAT NIGHT...

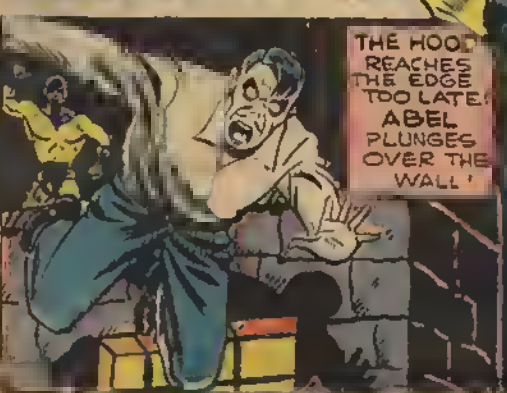
THE STRANGE SOUNDINGS OF A
FLUTE ARE HEARD WHISTLING
OVER THE MANSION...

HYPNOTIZED, BROTHER ABEL
DRAGS HIMSELF TOWARDS
THE MUSIC...



SUDDENLY THE HOOD
APPEARS...

THAT MAN-I'VE
GOT TO STOP HIM!





AGAIN THAT FLUTE SOUND! THIS TIME I'M NOT GOING TO BE TOO LATE!

ARE YOU ALL RIGHT?

WHY OF COURSE! WHAT'S THE MATTER?

NO TIME FOR ANSWERS! WHERE'S YOUR BROTHER'S ROOM?

RIGHT HERE, HOOD!

NOW HE'S GONE! THIS IS WEIRD!

THOSE GHOSTLY NOTES. WHAT'S THAT STICKING OUT OF THE WALL?

A SLIPPER! THERE MUST BE A SECRET ANEL HERE!

THIS IS THE QUICKEST WAY THROUGH!

WELL, WELL - A NICE LITTLE PRIVATE SUBWAY!

CRASH

MEANWHILE INSIDE THE DAMP DEPTHS OF THE CAVERN, THE PIED PIPER LURES HIS PRAY ONWARD...

COME TO THE
EDGE OF THE
WHIRLPOOL, MY
DEAR
MARTIN!

THAT'S ONE
MORE- DEAD!

HEH, HEH, HEH, ONE MORE
MEMBER OF THE FAMILY
TO KILL AND MY REVENGE
IS COMPLETE! NO ONE CAN
CATCH THE
PIED PIPER!

YOU'RE MISTAKEN
FRIEND!

THE
BLACK
HOOD!

I'LL SLIDE DOWN
THIS STALAGMITE.
HEH, HEH, HE CAN'T
FOLLOW ME
DOWN HERE!

WITH A
TREMENDOUS
LEAP THE
BLACK HOOD
VAULTS INTO
THE CAVER-
NOUS DEPTHS.

AND RUNS
ALONG THE EDGE
OF THE PRECI-
PICE.

NOW
WHERE
DID THAT
GOON
GET TO?

LOOKING
FOR ME,
MR. HOOD?

I CERTAINLY
WAS! HOW NICE
OF YOU TO DROP
IN!

AND YOU'RE
FALLING FOR
A RIGHT!

YOU'RE
RIDING FOR
A FALL,
HOOD!

BUT THE PIED PIPER
PICKS UP A
PIECE OF
ROCK AND

BAM

WHOP

BUT OUT-STRETCHED
HANDS CLUTCH
FRANTICALLY AT
THE LEDGE, AND

SUDDENLY A SHOT RINGS
OUT

BANG

STUNNED,
THE HOOD
TUMBLES
INTO THE
VOID.

I'LL
KICK THOSE
HANDS OF
YOURS TO
A PULP!

BARBARA AND
JUDY RUN UP

YOU FIRED THAT
GUN JUST IN TIME,
JUDY!

IN A MOMENT, THE BLACK HOOD
RIPS THE MASK FROM THE
DIED PIPER'S FACE, REVEALING...

IT WAS
THE SOUND
OF THE FLUTE
THAT DREW ME
AND BARBARA
HERE!

PELHAM,
THE CARE-
TAKER!

YES.
IT'S ME...

... I TRAVELLED
THRU THE ORIENT FOR YEARS
WITH REVENGE BURNING
CONSTANTLY IN MY HEART.
I PICKED UP MANY TRICKS!
YOU, YOU... SAW ONE OF
THEM THEN. I CAME BACK
INTO THEIR EMPLOY. THEY
ONLY TOOK ME ON TO KICK
ME AROUND... BUT I FIXED
THEM... I FIXED THEM
AAARRGH!

DON'T CRY
JUDY!
HE GOT
WHAT WAS
COMING
TO HIM!

I FAITHFULLY TOOK CARE
OF THEIR FATHER FOR
TWENTY-FIVE YEARS.
TWENTY-FIVE YEARS OF
FAITHFUL SERVICE, AND YET
I WAS CUT OUT OF HIS
INHERITANCE! THOSE SONS
TREATED ME LIKE DIRT. MADE
LIFE MISERABLE FOR ME!
DROVE ME OUT...

WELL, YOUR PREMONITION
OF DISASTER CERTAINLY
RANG THE BELL, BARBARA.
A 20TH CENTURY PIED
PIPER OF DEATH! WHAT
A WEIRD METHOD OF
MURDER... LOOK, BABS.
THE MOON IS COMING
FROM BEHIND THOSE
CLOUDS!

AS THE MOON RISES,
THE CLOUDS CLEAR AND
ONCE AGAIN BARBARA
AND KIP RESUME THEIR
TRIP...

I THOUGHT
I SENT YOU
HOME, YOUNG
LADY!

UH UH! KIP!
I WASN'T LETTING
YOU LEAVE ME
OUT OF THINGS!

IT'S A GRIM TALE THAT
FINDS ITS WAY TO THESE
PAGES IN THE NEXT ISSUE
OF JACKPOT COMICS.
BE SURE TO FOLLOW THE
ADVENTURES OF THE BLACK
HOOD...

AMERICA—FIRST, LAST, AND ALWAYS

A BLACK HOOD STORY

by SCOTT FELDMAN

KIP BURLAND was walking down the city's largest street with Paul Smith, a young soldier friend of his, when it happened. It was pretty unexpected.

Paul was in the city on furlough, and Kip had been showing him a good time. They had just come out of a theatre.

As they walked down the wide thoroughfare, men in the armed forces from every Allied nation passed them. Soldiers; sailors; marines; enlisted men and officers. There was friendliness in the air. Once a Private Paul knew from back in camp passed and yelled, "Hello, mister," at him. Paul was enjoying himself hugely, and Kip felt that he had made the evening a success.

And then it happened—one of those little things which can so effectively spoil an evening. A hand reached roughly at Paul Smith's shoulder, and a cold voice said, "Come here, you!"

Paul turned surprised eyes upward and the smile faded from his face. The man who was addressing him was an Army Captain, and he seemed pretty angry about something.

The Captain was a man of medium height, but he was so thin that he seemed much taller. He had a scar running along his right cheek. "You!" he said to Smith. "How would you like to be kicked right down to a Private's rank?"

Paul's face was white. "I—I don't understand," he stammered. "What have I done, sir?"

The Captain ran cold eyes up and down Paul's uniform. "Is that the way for an officer to dress?"

Paul traced nervous fingers along his uniform, making sure everything was right. "I—I don't see anything wrong with my uniform, sir," he ventured, after a moment.

"Oh, you don't, eh?" said the Captain, his voice sarcastic. "Look," he said, with gentle wrath. "You're an officer, aren't you?"

"Yes, sir," said Paul.

"Then what do you mean," said the Captain, "by wearing an officer's uniform, with spread-eagle on your bat and all . . . and not wearing rank bars on your shoulders?"

Paul goggled. Shocked amazement was on his features. He opened his mouth to say something, but the Captain's harsh voice rode right over him.

"And another thing," said the Captain, "I heard a Private address you a few minutes ago with the term, 'Mister.' Why didn't you chastise him for not calling you, 'Sir'?"

Again Paul started to splutter into speech, and again the Captain overrode him. "I'm going to let it pass this time," said the Captain. "I'm going to give you a break. But if I ever catch you in a misdemeanor, sir, I'll break you! You hear me . . . I'll break you!" He turned on his heels, walked a few steps, and entered a doorway.

Paul stared dazedly after him, but Kip put an arm on his shoulder. "Let it go, Paul," he said.

Paul turned back to Kip. "B-but, Kip, I—"

"Let it go," said Kip, again. "Why spoil our evening?" He took Paul's arm, and half-dragged the young soldier along with him. He walked about a block, and then stopped dead in his tracks. "How did you like that?" he said. "I've just remembered that I had an appointment with some business friends." He turned apologetically to Paul. "Say, Paul, will you scam back to my house and wait for me? I'll get rid of this appointment in a hurry, and meet you later."

"Okay," said Paul, dubiously. He was still thinking about the Captain incident.

Kip waited until Paul was out of sight, and then raced quickly back to the doorway through which the Captain had entered. In the sheltered darkness, he removed his outer clothing and emerged as The Black Hood.

He raced up the stairs. Through

a door he heard voices . . . voices talking in German. Without wasting a moment, he slammed right through the door.

Inside, three men in Nazi uniforms were grouped tightly around the Captain. They looked up, astonished, as The Black Hood burst in on them.

"What's this?" said the Captain hoarsely.

"I'll tell you what this is," said The Black Hood. "I was watching you bullying that young officer in the street a few minutes ago—and I knew that you were a phony. You're no Captain—at least, not in the American Army!"

Silence filled the room.

"You think we are pretty dumb, don't you, Nazi?" said The Black Hood. "But you're the dumb one! I take it that you were going to try some sabotage in that officer's uniform. It's pretty easy to get hold of a uniform—and you felt so confident in yours that you thought you'd have a little fun and bowl out a real officer who you thought was dressing and acting wrongly."

The fake Captain's beady eyes watched The Hood as he spoke.

"You fool," said The Hood, "didn't you know that there's one kind of officer in the Army who wears no rank bars on his shoulder—and who is addressed by all other soldiers—not as, 'Sir,' but as 'Mister'? That young officer you talked to is a warrant officer, which is a special category, and he was dressed and acting with perfect correctness."

The fake Captain's scar glowed redly on his face. "All right, men," he said in German. "Get the pig!"

The Nazis leaped forward, but The Hood went into action at the same time. His fists moved with lightning rapidity, and within five minutes his opponents were out of the running.

The phony Captain won't have long to mourn over his mistake. Three weeks from today, he dies before a firing squad.

LOOK

FOR THIS TRADEMARK:

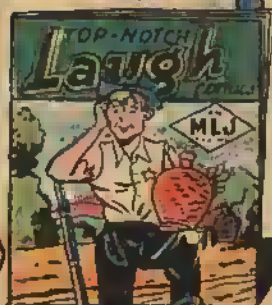
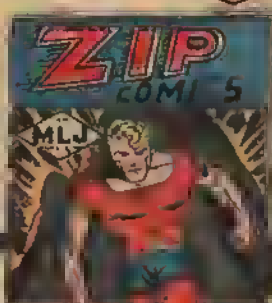
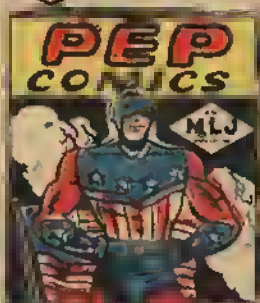


FEATURING
THE SHIELD

FEATURING
STEEL STERLING

FEATURING
THE HANGMAN

FEATURING
THE SHIELD AND
THE WIZARD



FEATURING
POKEY
OAKY

FEATURING
THE
BLACK
HOOD

**MLJ LEADS THE WAY!
REMEMBER-WHEN BETTER MAGAZINES ARE
PUBLISHED, MLJ WILL PUBLISH THEM!**

SERGEANT BOYLE

BY HUBBELL

BOY! IT'S GREAT TO BE BACK IN ENGLAND, EH TWERP? YOU MUST HAVE SEEN THAT SHOW AT LEAST FIVE TIMES!

IT SURE IS SWELL TO SEE SOME GOOD LOOKIN' GALS AGAIN! BUT WHERE ARE COLLINS AND SLAPSIE?

OH, YEAH? YOU AND WHOSE ARMY?

YEAH! YOU HEARD ME THE FIRST TIME!



BOYLE AND TWERP WERE SENT TO HOLLAND TO BRING BACK AN ENGLISH SOLDIER WHO WAS HEADING THE UNDERGROUND MOVEMENT AGAINST THE NAZIS. (SEE PEP COMICS, NOVEMBER) IMAGINE BOYLE'S SURPRISE TO FIND THAT IT WAS NONE OTHER THAN HIS OLD PAL (P) CORPORAL COLLINS!

THAT REMINDS ME! WE'D BETTER STEP ON IT! WE'RE MEETING THEM IN TEN MINUTES!

IMAGINE HIM TURNING UP AGAIN! AN' AFTER ALL THESE MONTHS!

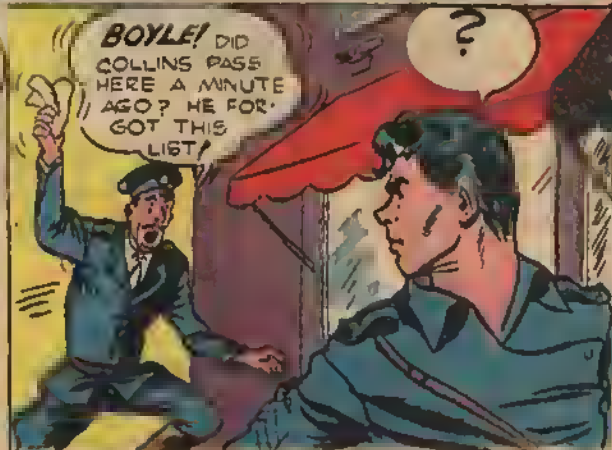
YEP! I THOUGHT SURE THE NAZIS HAD CAUGHT... HEY! HERE THEY COME!

SORRY /I CAN'T MAKE IT TONIGHT, SARGE! I'VE GOT TO SEE AN OLD FRIEND WHO'S PRETTY SICK!



LOOK AT HIM GO! NOW WHO DO YOU SUPPOSE HE HAS TO SEE?

DARNED IF I KNOW! THEY SURE ARE IN A HURRY!



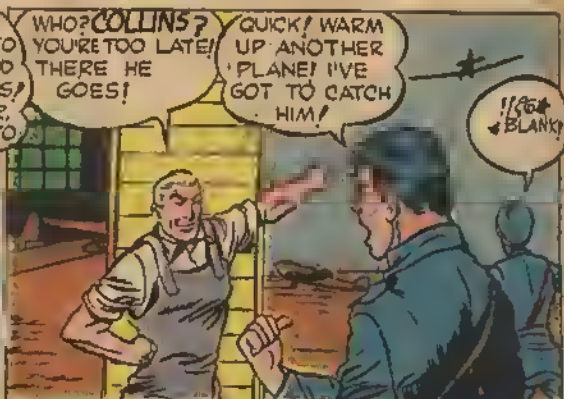
BOYLE! DID COLLINS PASS HERE A MINUTE AGO? HE FOR GOT THIS LIST!

?



THERE'S BEEN A SERIOUS MISTAKE! WE JUST LEARNED THAT THE MAN WE SENT TO HOLLAND TO REPLACE COLLINS IS A NAZI AGENT! HE HAS A COMPLETE LIST OF ALL THE DUTCH PATRIOTS! HIS IS A COPY OF IT!

I GET IT! COLLINS IS GOING TO TRY TO HEAD HIM OFF AND WARN THESE GUYS! DON'T WORRY, SIR, WE'LL GET IT TO HIM!



WHO? COLLINS? YOU'RE TOO LATE! THERE HE GOES! QUICK! WARM UP ANOTHER PLANE! I'VE GOT TO CATCH HIM!

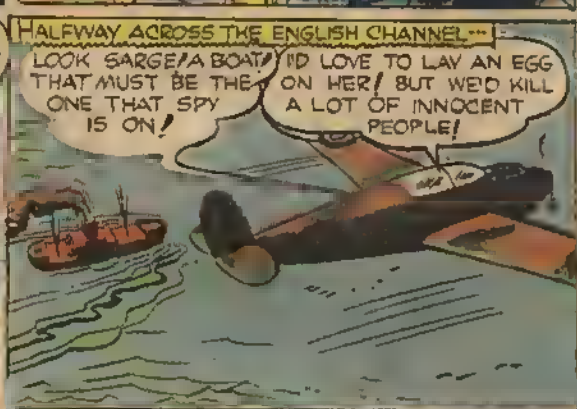
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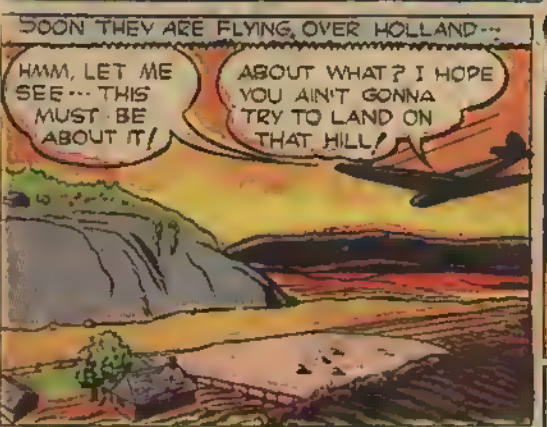
I'LL COME WITH YOU, BOYLE! TWO HEADS ARE THICKER THAN ONE--ER I MEAN... HURRY UP, TWERP! O.K.!!

CONTACT!

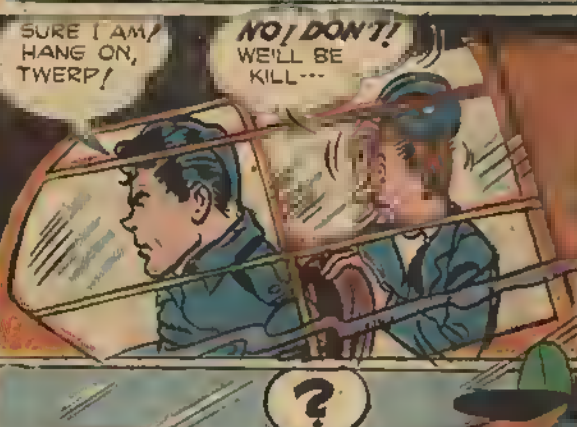
GOOD LUCK!



HALFWAY ACROSS THE ENGLISH CHANNEL-- I LOOK SARGE! A BOAT! I'D LOVE TO LAY AN EGG ON HER! BUT WE'D KILL A LOT OF INNOCENT PEOPLE!



SOON THEY ARE FLYING OVER HOLLAND-- HAMM, LET ME SEE-- THIS MUST BE ABOUT IT! ABOUT WHAT? I HOPE YOU AIN'T GONNA TRY TO LAND ON THAT HILL!



SURE I AM! HANG ON, TWERP! NO! DON'T! WE'LL BE KILL--



WEAK SQUEEK

QUICK! TELL ME,
HAS CORPORAL
COLLINS ARRIVED
YET?*

NO?
GOOD!

COLLINS?
NO! IS HE
COMING?

HERE COMES
ANOTHER PLANE
O.K. TO OPEN
UP?

OKAY!
THAT MUST BE
CORPORAL
COLLINS
NOW!

MUST BE! WHEN
HE GETS HERE,
TELL HIM GENER-
ARNOLD WANTS
HIM TO WAIT FOR
FURTHER ORDER-
GOT THAT?

DON'T FORGET NOW!
YOU'LL PROBABLY
HAVE TROUBLE HOLD-
ING HIM HERE, BUT
IT'S VERY IMPORTANT!

DON'T
WORRY!

BOYLE AND TWERP BORROW SOME DUTCH CLOTHES
AND HEAD FOR THE SEAPORT--

IT WAS ARRANGED THAT THE GENERAL
SPY TO BE TRANSFERRED TO
A DUTCH FISHING
BOAT IN MID-
CHANNEL! WE'VE
GOTTA HEAD
HIM OFF AT THE
DOCK BEFORE
THE GESTAPO!

BUT THE GENERAL
DIDN'T SAY COLLINS
WAS SUPPOSED
TO WAIT!

I MIGHT AS WELL
TELL YOU! THE
GUY YOU PICKED
UP OUT THERE
WAS A SPY!
WHERE IS
HE?

SHHH! HE TRANSFERRED TO
A DIFFERENT BOAT! IT'S
HEADED FOR AMSTER-
DAM!

WHAT!

HE DIDN'T? OH!
WELL, WE'LL
HANDLE THIS
BETTER ALONE,
HASN'T COME
OFF! BETTER
SEE THE
CAPTAIN!

DARN! HE GAVE US THE
SLIP AFTER ALL! NOW
WE'VE GOTTA GET
TO AMSTERDAM!

GOSH! HE
SURE IS A
SLIPPERY
CUSTOMER!

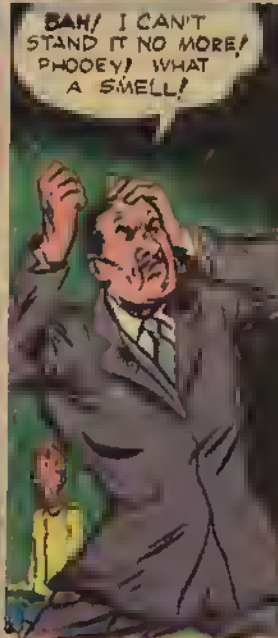
MEANWHILE

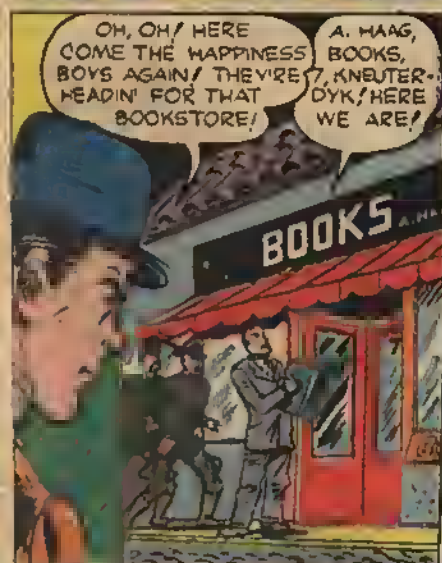
LISTEN! WE'VE BEEN
WAITING HERE ALMOST AN
HOUR! JUST WHAT DID THE
GENERAL SAY
ANYHOW?

IT WASN'T THE
GENERAL! BUT
THOSE TWO OTHER
ENGLISH SOLDIERS
SAID IT WAS
IMPORTANT!













AH! HE IS COMING TO!

ACH! WHAT HIT ME? THE CEILING?



HIMMEL! THE LIST OF NAMES!! IT'S GONE! WHY DIDN'T YOU DUMMKOPFS WATCH IT?



DOT OLD FOOL MUST HAF SWIPED IT! AFTER HIM!

HE COULDN'T HAF GONE FAR!



HEY! LET GO! WHAT IS THE IDEA! ACH! YOU!

LISTEN WEASEL PUSS! A FRIEND OF MINE IS IN YOUR JUG! WE'RE GONNA GET HIM OUT!



GUARD! THAT NEW PRISONER--I WANT HIM RELEASED! YOU HEAR ME?

YES, SIR! I MEAN NO, SIR! I CAN'T DO DOT!



DON'T ARGUE! DO AS I SAY! HURRY! UND GET ME A CAR!

EVERY DAY EVERYBODY GETS NUTTER AND NUTTER! SOMETIMES I VONDER WHY I EFER CHOINED UP!



GEE SARGE, I WAS BEGINNING TO THINK I'D NEVER SEE A HUMAN FACE AGAIN!

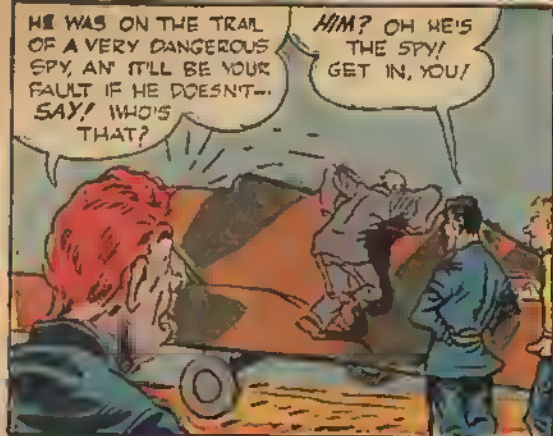
YOU STILL WON'T, IF YOU DON'T GET RID OF THAT CHEESY SMELL SOON!



AT THE SECRET HANGAR...

OH! IT'S YOU AGAIN, IS IT? COR! PORAL COLLINS WAS VERY MAD!

I'LL TAKE THAT UP WITH HIM LATER! WHEEL OUT THAT CRATE WE CAME IN!



HE WAS ON THE TRAIL
OF A VERY DANGEROUS
SPY, AN' IT'LL BE YOUR
FAULT IF HE DOESN'T--
SAY! WHO'S
THAT?

HIM? OH HE'S
THE SPY!
GET IN, YOU!



SO LONG!

OH, I SEE!
WELL, SO LO--?
???

THE
SP-SPY?



BACK AT H.Q.

THAT WAS A GOOD JOB,
BUT THE LIST OF DUTCH
PATRIOTS IS A DANGER-
OUS THING TO LEAVE IN
HOLLAND! HOW COME YOU
DIDN'T GET IT?

OH, THAT!
WELL, IT WAS
THIS WAY, MAJOR.
WE--

**CORPORAL
COLLINS
IS BACK!**

THE LIST!
YOU GOT IT, MY
BOY! BUT I
THOUGHT--

DON'T BELIEVE ANYTHING
BOYLE TELLS YOU! HE'S
A SUCKER FOR A PAIR
OF FALSE WHISKERS!



OH YEAH?
WHY IF WE LEFT
THIS JOB
YOU, YOU
NEVER
WOUL'D-VE
GOTTEN
BACK!

IS THAT SO!
YOU WERE
DOIN' SWELL,
WEREN'T YOU,
WHEN I DROP-
PED THAT
BOOK ON THE
SPY'S HEAD!

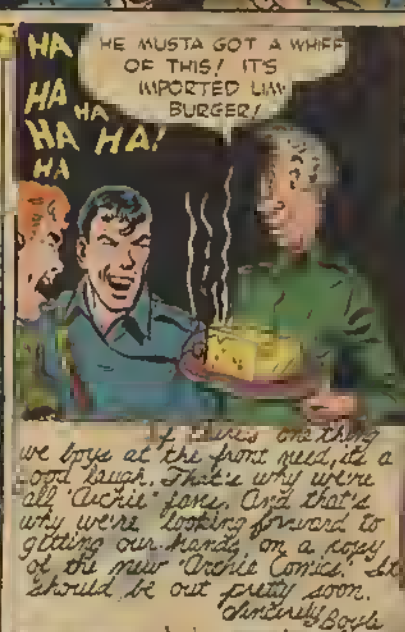
GENTLEMEN!
GENTLEMEN!
PLEASE!



THAT NIGHT THEY ARE TREATED
TO DINNER BY THE MAJOR

AND NOW, FOR
DESSERT, I HAVE
A SPECIAL
LITTLE
SURPRISE!

HEY TWERP!
AREN'T YOU
WAITIN' FOR
DESSERT??
WHAT'S WRONG
WITH HIM?



HA
HA
HA
HA
HA
HA
HE MUSTA GOT A WHIFF
OF THIS! IT'S
IMPORTED LHM
BURGER!

I guess one thing
we boys at the front need, it's a
good laugh. That's why we're
all 'Cuckie' fans. And that's
why we're looking forward to
getting our hands on a copy
of the new 'Cuckie Comics'. It
should be out pretty soon.
Sincerely, Boyle

WORLD WONDERS



PACK RATS OF THE DESERT PROTECT THEIR NESTS FROM PROWLING COYOTES BY PILING A WIDE PATH OF CACTUS AROUND THEM. THE RATS ARE LIGHT AND CAN RUN ON THE PRICKLY SPINES WHILE THE COYOTES ARE SO HEAVY THEY DARE NOT TRY TO CROSS THE CACTUS.



EAGLES SQUEEZE THEIR PREY TO DEATH OR INTO UNCONSCIOUSNESS WITHOUT BLOODSHED!



DEEP IN THE JUNGLES OF SOUTH AMERICA LIVE A TRIBE OF NEGRO DESCENDENTS OF AFRICAN SLAVES WHO REVOLTED FROM THEIR DUTCH MASTERS ABOUT 200 YEARS AGO... HAVING RETURNED TO THEIR PRIMITIVE CUSTOMS, THEY ARE KNOWN AS THE **LOST TRIBE,**



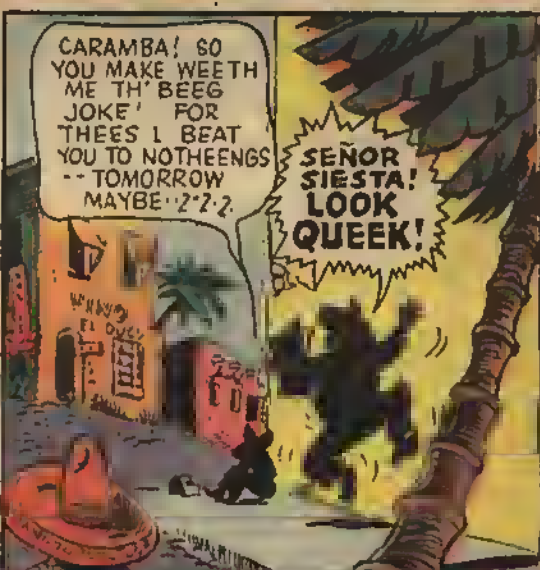
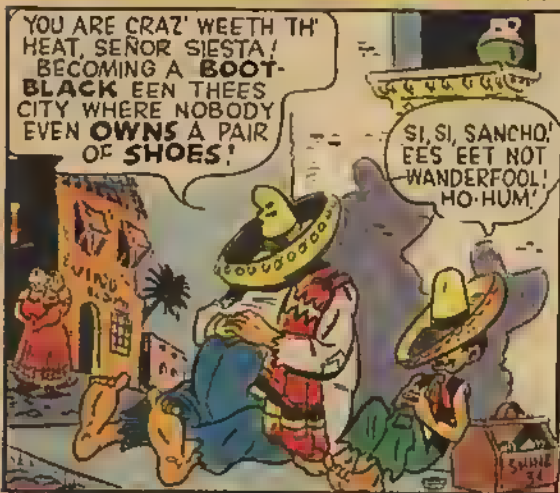
THE THOUSANDS OF TINY ISLANDS IN THE FLORIDA 'KEYS WERE MADE BY MANGROVE TREES WHICH GROW WHEREVER THEIR ROOTS STRIKE BOTTOM... DIRT WASHES AROUND THEM AND CLINGS TO THE ROOTS... SOON A NEW ISLAND APPEARS.

Señor SIESTA

by Don Dean



IN THE SUN BAKED MARKET PLACE OF THE CASBA, WE EAVESDROP ON THE CONVERSATION OF TWO OF ITS LOCAL BUSINESS MEN.





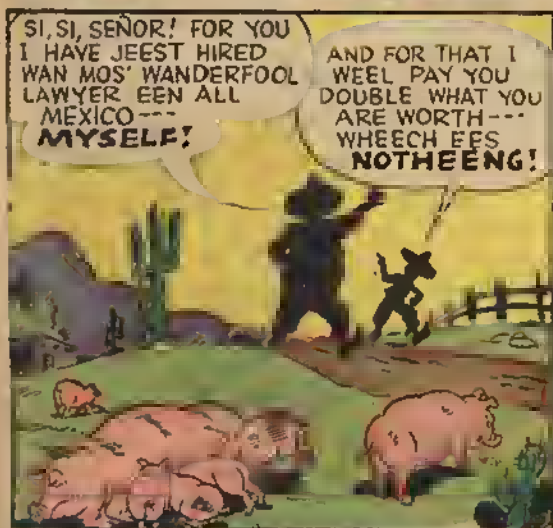
DICS MIO! EET
EES MY
PEECTURE---
HOW MOOCH EES
TH' REWARD
THEES TIME??

PHOOF! NOTHEENG
LIKE THAT, SENOR
SIESTA! FOR YOU
THEES TIME EES
TH' **GOOD NEWS!**



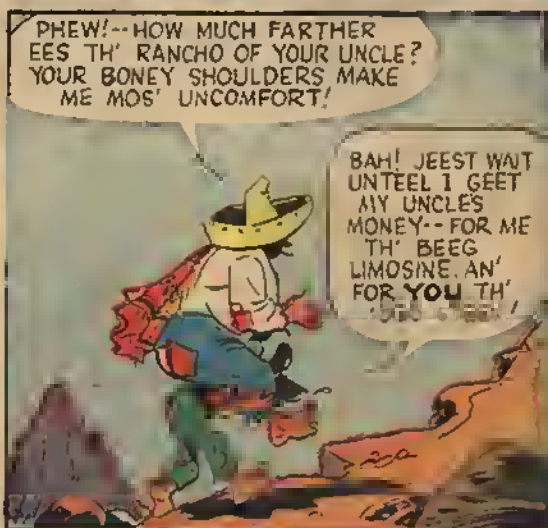
EET SAYS HERE YOUR
UNCLE, DON SHORIENO
DIED AND HAS
NAMED YOU HEES
SOLE HEIR! MY
LEETLE LOLLY
POPPSY, WE
EES **REECH!**

WE?



SI, SI, SENOR! FOR YOU
I HAVE JEEST HIRED
WAN MOS' WANDERFOOL
LAWYER EEN ALL
MEXICO---
MYSELF!

AND FOR THAT I
WEEEL PAY YOU
DOUBLE WHAT YOU
ARE WORTH---
WHEECH EES
NOTHEENG!



PHEW!-- HOW MUCH FARTHER
EES TH' RANCHO OF YOUR UNCLE?
YOUR BONEY SHOULDERS MAKE
ME MOS' UNCOMFORT!

BAH! JEEST WAT
UNTEEL I GEET
MY UNCLES
MONEY-- FOR ME
TH' BEEG
LIMOSINE. AN'
FOR YOU TH'!



WE ARRIVE,
SANCHE! THEES
EES TH'
RANCHO OF
MY UNCLE!

AH, MUCHO GRANDE!
BEE-U-TIFOL!!
HEEM SURELY WAS
A MAN OF MOS'
IMPORTANCE---
LOOK! ALL HEES
FRANS HAVE
COME TO MOURN!

WE ARE NOT
ZE FRANS,
PEON, WE ARE
BILL
COLLECTORS!

YOU, SEÑOR, ARE
THE SETTLER-OOPER
OF THEES ESTATE, NO?

SI! I WAZZ
THE ATTORNEY
FOR THE LATE
SEÑOR DON
SHORIENO.

THEN LEESTEN
WEETH YOUR EYES!
I, SANCHO, AM
GEEVING TO YOU
THE RIGHTFUL HEIR
TO DON SHORIENO'S
LANDS, SEÑOR SIESTA!

SI! HEES FEATURES
CORRESPOND WEETH
THEES PEECTURE
HOKAY--AH, SUCH
DIRTY TREEKS
NATURE PLAYED ON
YOUR CLIENT, YES?

MOS **ABSOLUTE** NOT! THE GREAT
SEÑOR SIESTA EES MOS' HANDSOME
WAN--WEETH HEEM EES **BRAVERY**
AN' **IN-TELLY-JOOT'S** TOO! NOW,
HOW MOOCH MONEY EED HEES UNCLE
LEAVE HEEM?

CARRAMBA!
PEEG-FACE!
SON OF A
PEANOOT!

NOT
ONE
CENTAVO!

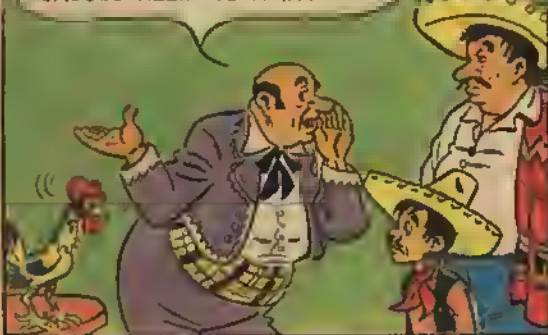
EET EES SO SAD, SEÑOR,
BUT AFTER I SETTLE UP
THE FINANCIAL AFFAIRS
OF DON SHORIENO I FINO
HE WAZZ PENNILESS!
THEES EES ALL THERE
EES LEFT OF THE RANCHO!

A **BAG?**
QUEEK
WE OPEN
EET!!

DIOS MIO!
ONLY A
LEETLE
CHEEKEN!!

CORRECTION, SEÑOR!
THEES EES
BLITZO
DON SHORIENO'S
FAVORITE FIGHTING
COCK!

WEETH THEES BIRD YOU WEEEL REALIZE
A **FORTUNE**, SENORES, FOR HE EES THE
CHAMPENO FIGHTING COCK IN ALL
MEXICO -- BUT NEVER MENTION
CHEEKEN ZOUP EEN HIS
PRESENCE FOR THEES ALWAYS
CAUSES HEEM TO FAINT!



EEF THEES PEEN-
FEATHERED FOWL
EES A FAKE I WEEEL
BARBEQUE YOU
BOTH-- PERSONAL!

(GULP!) HERE
EES A
CONTEST GOING
ON, WE SHALL
ENTER BLITZO!



I HAVE BET EVERYTHING ON THEES
SIESTA, DOWN TO OUR SHIRTS
AND THE ZOOT SUIT!

GO TO HEEM,
MY LEETLE
DOVE!

SMACK!



**BLITZO
EES
WINNAH!**

**BRAVO,
BLITZO!**



THE FOLLOWING DAYS ARE A
REPETITION--- BLITZO HAS PROVEN
HIMSELF A CHAMPION AND GOLD
MINE TO OUR DUSKY HEROES!

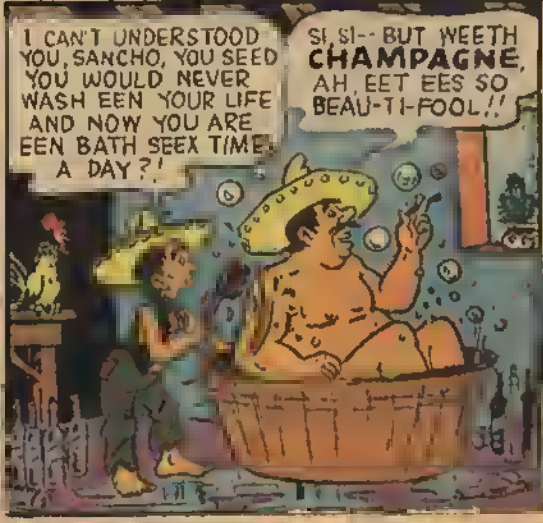
LOOK, SANCHO,
AGAIN WE
HAVE WON!

HOKAY, AMIGO, BUT YOU
PEEK OOP THE MONEYS
THEES TIME--MY BACK
SHE EES GETTING
MOS' TIRED!



I CAN'T UNDERSTOOD
YOU, SANCHO, YOU SEED
YOU WOULD NEVER
WASH EEN YOUR LIFE
AND NOW YOU ARE
EEN BATH SEEX TIME!
A DAY?!

SI SI-- BUT WEETH
CHAMPAGNE,
AH, EET EES SO
BEAU-TI-FOOL!!



WITH FAME AND FORTUNE SMILING ON THEM,
SEÑOR SIESTA AND SANCHO FIND LIFE
BEAUTIFUL INDEED--UNTIL A MYSTERIOUS
STRANGER ACCOSTS THEM----

BUENOS DÍAS, SEÑORES! I HAVE
A BIRD THAT I BELIEVE CAN BEAT
YOUR CHAMPEEN--AS FOR THE
STAKES THE SKY EES THE LIMIT!
DOES THEES INTEREST YOU, NO?

SI, SI,
FOOLISH
WAN!

NAME THE
TIME AN' PLACE!

HERE AND NOW!
AND EES TEN
THOUSAN' PESOS
TOO STEEP FOR
YOU?

HMMM--TEN
THOUSAND
EES OUR
WHOLE
BANK-ROLL,
SEÑOR!

EES HOKAY,
SIESTA,
WE WEEL
DOUBLE
OUR MONEY!
HO! HO! HO!

VER' WELL, SEÑORS,
HERE EES MY
BIRD! MAKE
READY!!

A PARROT?!
HO! HO! THEES
WEEL BE
MOS' FUNNY!

SIC HEEM,
BLITZO!!

GRRRK!

AWK!
GULP!

AWK!
**CHEEKEN
ZOUP!
CHEEKEN
ZOUP!!**

FLOP

SEÑORES,
I WEEN!!

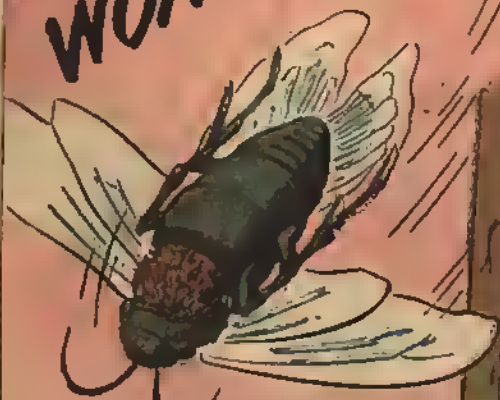
SOOO! EET EES YOU--
--THE LAWYER!!

HE GEEVE
US THE
CROSS-
DOUBLE!!

YOU KNOW, SANCHO,
I LOVED 'LEETLE
BLITZO----
DEEDN'T YOU??

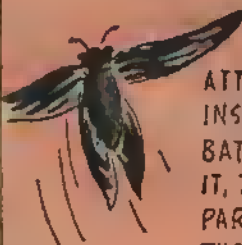
EET HE EES
TENDER---
YES!!

WORLD WONDERS



"KILLER"

THE CICADA-KILLER IS A WASP WHICH ATTACKS THE CICADA IN DARING AIR BATTLES. DIVING UPON IT, THE WASP QUICKLY PARALYZES HER FOE. THE HELPLESS VICTIM IS THEN CARRIED TO THE UNDERGROUND HOME WHERE THE BABY WASPS EAT THE CICADA ALIVE!



PELICANS

LOSE THEIR VOICES AFTER THEY GROW UP!

SOME OF THE LIVING GIANT SEQUOIA TREES ARE AS OLD AS THE PYRAMIDS AND SO LARGE THAT FROM A SINGLE TREE ONE COULD BUILD 150 FIVE ROOM HOUSES. THEIR ROOTS MAY SPREAD OVER 3 ACRES!



THE CHAMELEON HAS A TONGUE LONGER THAN ITS BODY... A 7 INCH CHAMELEON MAY HAVE A TONGUE OF 12 INCHES!

OOPS!
AWFULLY SORRY,
PAL, BUT I JUST
GOTTA FINISH
THIS SWELL ISSUE
OF **PEP**
COMICS!





FOR JUSTICE

THE GREEKS HAD A GRIM LEG-
END ABOUT A GIRL NAMED PAN-
DORA...WHO OPENED A BOX OF
EVIL AND RELEASED TERROR ON
THE WORLD, YES, THE GREEKS
CALLED IT LEGEND, A MADE-UP
STORY...BUT WHAT IF IT WERE
TRUE? WHAT IF SOMEWHERE, IN
SOME DANK AND FETID CAVERN
A PANDORA'S BOX REALLY LIES,
FILLED WITH UNDEAD SPIRITS
WAITING FOR SOMEONE TO OPEN
THE BOX AND RELEASE THEM?
WHAT WOULD HAPPEN IF THIS
BOX WERE FOUND...AND OPEN-
ED?.....READ THIS STORY AND
SEE....

HALF HIDDEN BY THE BARE, STARK TREES
ON DEATH'S ROCK STANDS THE
HOUSE OF MURDOCK HUME,
WELL-KNOWN COLLECTOR
OF ANTIQUES...

OH, IT'S
YOU, PROFESSOR
PIERCE!
COME IN!.....
COME IN! I'VE
BEEN WAITING
FOR YOU!

HELLO, HUME,
WHAT'S ALL THE
MYSTERY YOU
MENTIONED ON
THE PHONE?

PROFESSOR, I'VE
ACQUIRED AN ITEM WHICH
NEEDS YOUR VERIFICATION
YOU'RE AN EXPERT ON
LEGENDS, AREN'T YOU?

THAT'S IT. OF COURSE THERE
MAY BE NOTHING IN IT - BUT
WHAT DO YOU THINK? IS
IT PANDORA'S BOX?

GOOD LORD! IT DOES
LOOK LIKE IT: PAN-
DORA'S BOX DISCOV-
ERED AFTER ALL
THESE CENTURIES!
I'LL MAKE THE TEST -
AND TRY THE
INCANTATION!

WHY, YES,
CERTAINLY!

BOX OF PANDORA,
VEILED FROM MAN'S EYES
AVENGE THE DEATH
OF FLAME FROM THE SKIES.
IN YOU THE DEVIL'S EVIL LIES!

WELL, WHAT
DO YOU THINK?
YOU LOOKED
AS THOUGH YOU
WERE MUMBLING
SOMETHING!

NO-NOTHING
AT ALL!

I'LL HAVE
THIS TREASURE
FOR MYSELF!

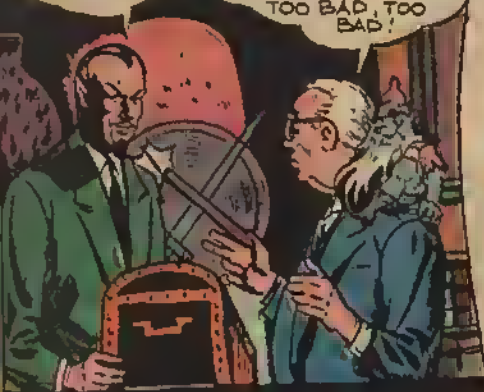
PANDORA KILL
THE ONE I WILL!
THE NAME IS
MURDOCK HUME!

IN THE TWINKLING OF AN INSTANT A
STRANGE SPRITE SPRINGS OUT OF
PANDORA'S BOX...

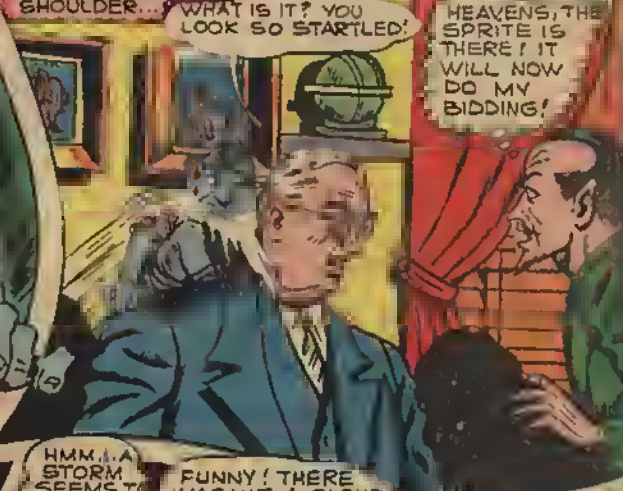


I'M AFRAID
YOU'RE BARKING
UP THE WRONG
TREE - THIS IS
NOT PANDORA'S
BOX - WHEW!
IT'S HOT IN
HERE!

LET'S
STEP OUT
ON THE
VERANDA FOR A
MOMENT, SO THERE'S
NOTHING IN IT, EH?
TOO BAD, TOO
BAD!



AND NIMBLY LEAPS ON
MURDOCK HUME'S
SHOULDER...



WHAT IS IT? YOU
LOOK SO STARTLED!

N- NOTHING.

HEAVENS, THE
SPRITE IS
THERE! IT
WILL NOW
DO MY
BIDDING!

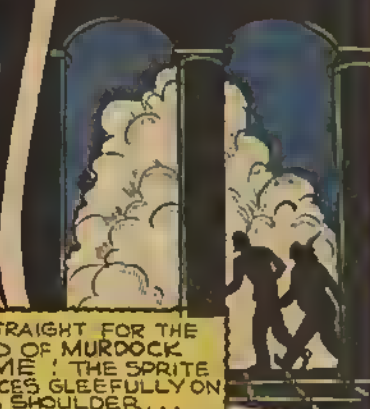
HMM... A
STORM
SEEMS TO
BE COMING
UP!

FUNNY! THERE
WASN'T A CLOUD
IN THE SKY
WHEN YOU
CAME!

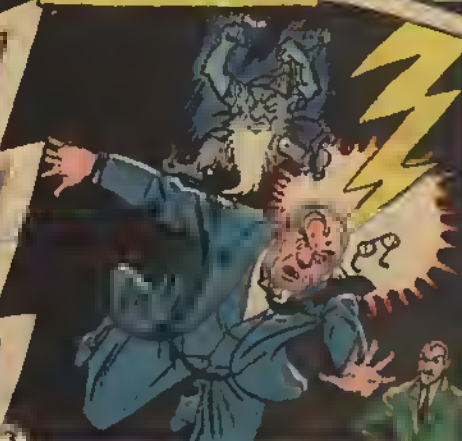
LIESURELY THE
DUO MAKES FOR THE
OPEN GROUND...

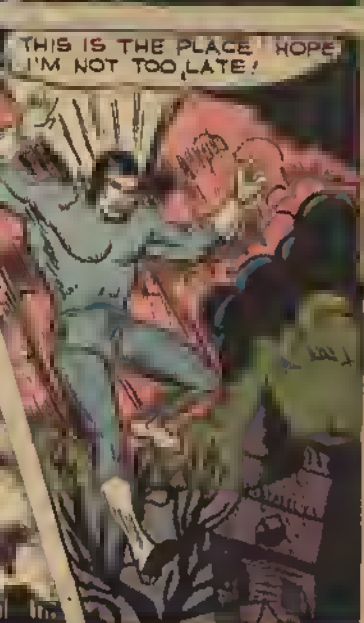
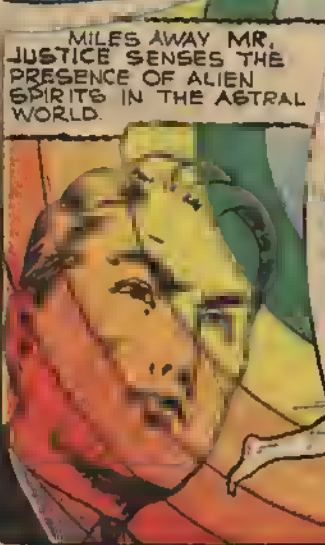
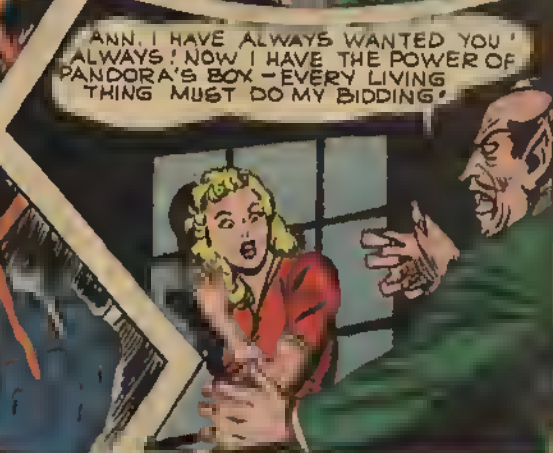
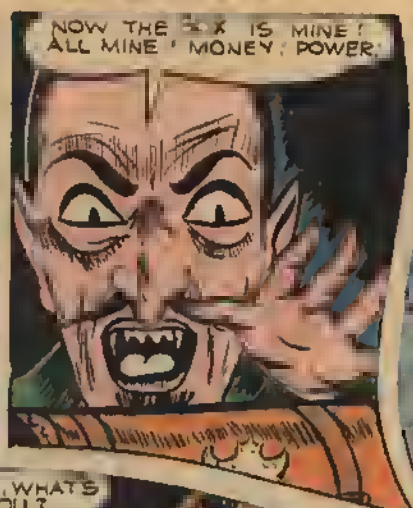


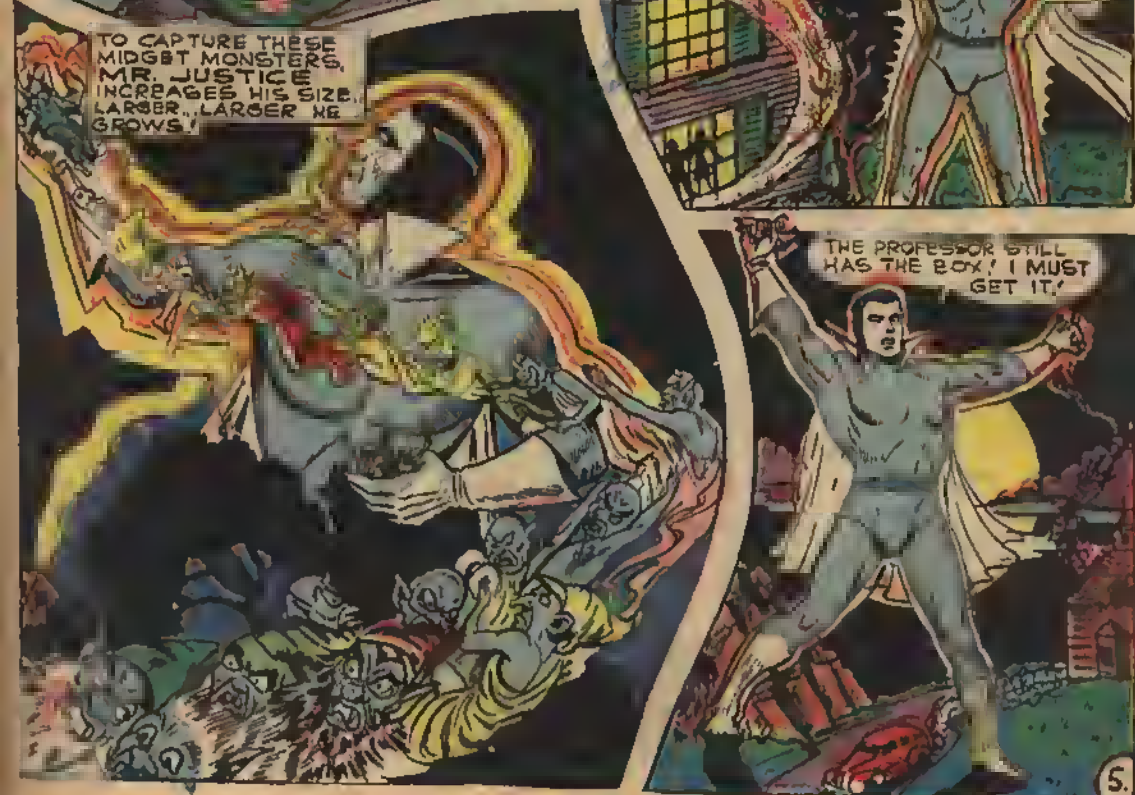
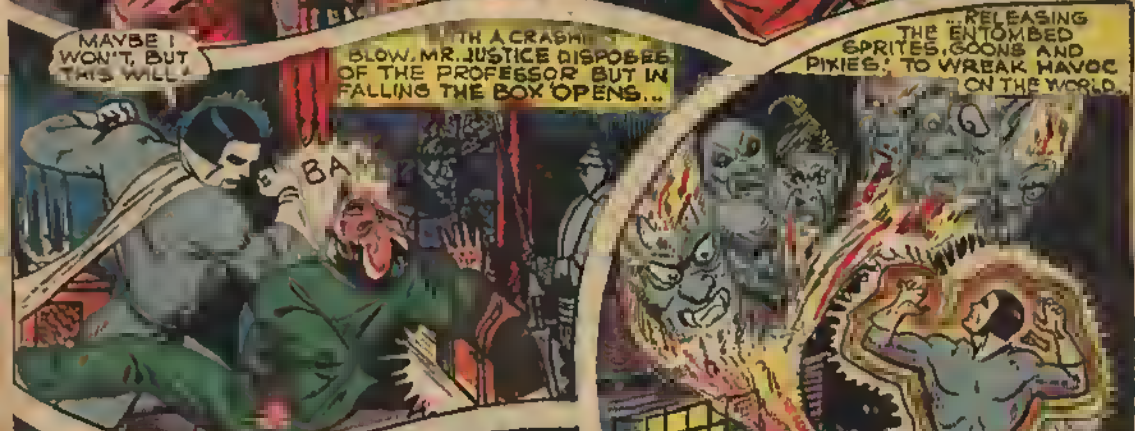
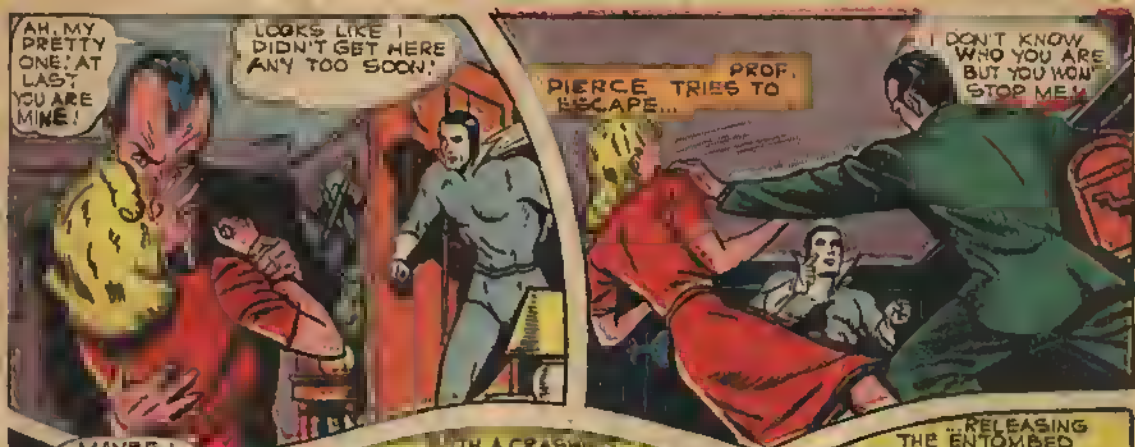
...STRAIGHT FOR THE
HEAD OF MURDOCK
HUME! THE SPRITE
DANCES GLEEFULLY ON
HIS SHOULDER...



AND SUDDENLY THE
MIGHTY WRATH OF THE HEAVENS
IS UNLEASHED... SILVER SPIKES OF
ELECTRICITY FLASH THROUGH THE VOID...







THERE'S NO TELLING
WHAT FURTHER GRIEF
AND TROUBLE THOSE
SPRITES WILL BRING
UPON THIS ALREADY
TROUBLED WORLD!

GIVE ME THAT
BOX, IF YOU
WANT TO LIVE,
PROFESSOR!

U MAY HIT ME
BUT YOU CAN'T FRIGHT-
EN ME! AND IF I CAN'T
HAVE PANDORA'S
BOX...

...NEITHER
WILL YOU... AS
SURE AS MY NAME'S
GORK PIERCE!

...AND THE MOMENT
THE PROFESSOR INVOKES
HIS OWN NAME

A WILD FLAME
OF DEATH LANCES OUT
SEARING PROFESSOR
GORK PIERCE...

FLAMES CAN'T
DEVOUR THAT
EVIL BOX!...

...BUT I
KNOW OF THE
BEST WAY TO GET
RID OF IT! GOOD LORD!
THERE GOES THE
PROFESSOR!

ADOPTED BY THE
ENVELOPING FLAMES,
THE PROFESSOR
GRIEKS IN
AGONY.

THE DRAPES!
IF I CAN ONLY
GET TO THEM!


IT'S TOO LATE!
I'LL BARELY
HAVE TIME TO
GET YOU OUT
OF HERE!

A FITTING DEATH
FOR THAT MADMAN!
A LIVING FUNERAL
PYRE!


I'LL HAVE YOU SAFE
IN A MOMENT. THEN
I'VE PLENTY TO
ATTEND TO!

HERE WE
ARE: NOW TO
RID THE WORLD
OF THIS FIENDISH
BOX!

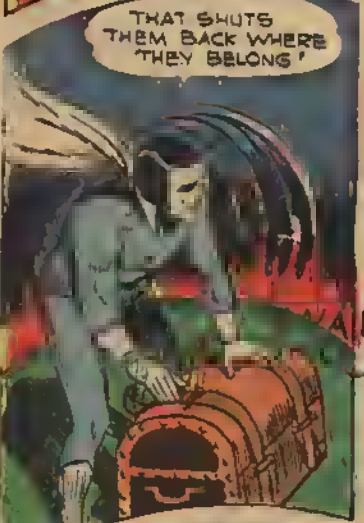
THE PEAK OF
THE UNIVERSE -
OUT OF ASTRAL
REACH OF THE
WORLD! FROM
THERE I CAN
DESTROY THIS
CHEST!

Mr. Justice, a man in a blue suit with a white cape, stands on a green hill with a red, jagged horizon in the background. He holds a large, ornate chest with both hands above his head. The chest is decorated with a red and gold pattern.


SPRITES OF PANDORA
RETURN, RETURN!
THE SINS OF THE CURIOUS
HAVE BEEN PAID BY TURN.
BOTH HIS BODY
AND SOUL
FOREVER, WILL
BURN!

Mr. Justice is shown from a slightly different angle, still holding the chest of hate high above his head. The background features a dark sky with stars and a swirling, colorful nebula or comet streaking across it.


OBEYING MR. JUSTICE'S
INCANTATION - THE PRO-
DIGAL PIXIES AND NOXIES
AND NIXIES RETURN...

Mr. Justice is shown from the waist up, looking down at the chest of hate which is now on the ground in front of him. He has a serious expression on his face.

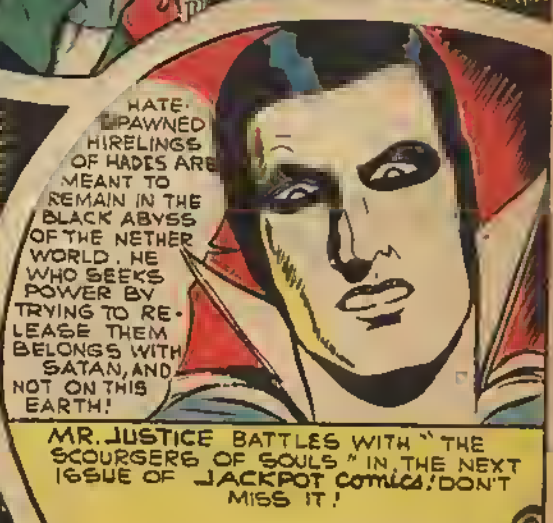
THAT SHUTS
THEM BACK WHERE
THEY BELONG!

Mr. Justice is shown in a dynamic pose, leaning forward and hurling the chest of hate with great force. The chest is flying through the air towards a bright, five-pointed star in the sky.

WITH
TREMENDOUS FORCE
MR. JUSTICE HURLS
THE CHEST OF HATE
INTO A MAGNETIC
STAR...

The chest of hate is shown disintegrating into a cloud of small, dark particles. The particles are falling towards a large, bright, five-pointed star in the sky. The star has a yellow and orange glow.

WHERE IT
DISINTEGRATES
INTO
A
BILLION
PIECES...

A close-up of Mr. Justice's face. He has a determined and somewhat stern expression. He is wearing a red and white striped collar. The background is dark with some red and blue highlights.

HATE-
BRAWNED
HIRELINGS
OF HADES ARE
MEANT TO
REMAIN IN THE
BLACK ABYSS
OF THE NETHER
WORLD. HE
WHO SEEKS
POWER BY
TRYING TO RE-
LEASE THEM
BELONGS WITH
SATAN, AND
NOT ON THIS
EARTH!

MR. JUSTICE BATTLES WITH "THE
SCOURGERS OF SOULS" IN THE NEXT
ISSUE OF JACKPOT COMICS, DON'T
MISS IT!

Archie

by Montana

BOY! THIS IS GREAT! I'VE GOT ALL MY SHOPPING DONE AND I STILL HAVE \$4.95 LEFT!

WITH SEASON'S GREETINGS AND BEST WISHES FOR A GOOD YEAR—WE BRING YOU—**ARCHIE ANDREWS' Christmas Story**



GEE, WHAT A SWELL PAIR OF SKIS I WELL, I'LL BE... \$4.95! NOW ISN'T THAT A COINCIDENCE



FUNNY NOBODY EVER GIVES ME SKIIS FOR CHRISTMAS! HMMM.... GUESS THERE'S NO HARM IN JUST LOOKING AT THEM.... AN' I DON'T NEED THE \$4.95 ANYWAY!



IF ARCHIE ONLY KNEW HIS DAD WAS ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THE POST....

THAT'LL BE \$4.95, MR. ANDREWS! MERRY CHRISTMAS.

MERRY CHRISTMAS!



ARCHIE'LL NEVER EXPECT TO GET SKIIS HEH... I WAS QUITE A SKIER MYSELF WHEN I WAS A LAD!



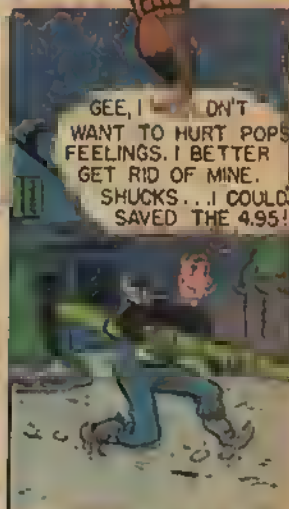
I KNOW JUST THE PLACE TO HIDE THEM!



NOBODY WILL EVER THINK TO LOOK HERE... OMIGOSH, ANOTHER PAIR!!



GEE, I DON'T WANT TO HURT POP'S FEELINGS. I BETTER GET RID OF MINE. SHUCKS... I COULDA SAVED THE 4.95!



HERE'S A PRESENT, JUGHEAD, OL' PAL — AN' MERRY CHRISTMAS!



MEANWHILE ARCHIE'S MOTHER IS RETURNING HOME FROM HER SHOPPING!

MY, WON'T ARCHIE BE SURPRISED! HE'S ALWAYS WANTED SKIIS! I THINK I'LL KEEP IT AS A SURPRISE — EVEN FROM FATHER UNTIL CHRISTMAS MORNING!



Wow!

THOSE ARE SKIIS IN THERE OR I'LL EAT THE TREE!



HOLY SMOKE! IF MOTHER FINDS OUT I BOUGHT SKIS FOR ARCHIE TOO-IT WILL SPOIL HER WHOLE CHRISTMAS!



GOOD LORD! DAD'S BOUGHT SKIS FOR ARCHIE TOO! HE WOULD!



BU-B-BUT MR. ANDREWS, I...

NOW NEVER MIND, JUGHEAD! YOU'RE A GOOD PAL TO ARCHIE. MERRY CHRISTMAS!



CHRISTMAS EVE.



WHILE THE ANDREWS' TREE TRIMMING TEAM IS IN ITS SECOND CHILDHOOD, I THINK I'LL GET RID OF THOSE SKIS! NO SENSE IN ARCHIE HAVING TWO PAIRS!

MERRY CHRISTMAS JUGHEAD! HERE'S A PRESENT.. AND I'LL BET YOU CAN TELL JUST WHAT'S IN IT BY THE SHAPE!



YEAH, SURE! THEY'RE SKIS! SAY, YOU ANDREWS ARE SURE IN A RUT!

HMM! WONDER WHAT JUGHEAD MEANT BY SAYING HE ONLY HAD TWO LEGS?



CHRISTMAS MORN.

WELL, ER... I GUESS WE'VE OPENED THEM ALL... HUH, HAVEN'T WE, DAD?

I GUESS SO! ER... MOTHER, HAVEN'T YOU...ER SOMETHING MORE...FOR ARCHIE?

WHY, NO, HAVEN'T YOU?



BY GOLLY, I'M GOING BACK TO JUGHEAD'S AND GET MY SKIS BACK WHILE THE GETTING IS GOOD!



WELL, HOW DO YOU LIKE THAT GUY?



THE NERVE OF
THAT GUY CHARGING
ME \$2.00 TO BUY
MY OWN SKIS
BACK!

WHY, LOOK!
MOTHER DID
GIVE ARCHIE
HIS SKIS!

EE HEE,
YOU BLY
OLD RASCAL!

NEXT DAY - ARCHIE
CALLS UP VERONICA
LODGE.

HELLO,
BEAUTIFUL,
WHAT'S COOKIN'?

HEH, HEH,
YOU'RE A
DEVIL
HOTEL!

READY TO
SIZZLE? WHAT'S
ON THE FIRE
COOKIE?

OH, I THOUGHT
MAYBE YOU'D LIKE
TO HOP A SNOW TRAIN
FOR GILFORD, N.H., AND
TAKE IN SOME WINTER
SPORTS SATURDAY!

OH ARCHIE!
I'D JUST LOVE
TO! I ADORE
NEW HAMPSHIRE
IN THE WINTER!

SATURDAY

BOY,
SOME TURN-
OUT - HUH,
VERONICA!

OMIGOSH!
JUGHEAD
AGAIN!

HEY! GET
YOUR SKIS
HERE FOR
THE SNOW
TRAIN!

SKIS
FOR RENT
CHEAP!

ALL - A-BOOARD!

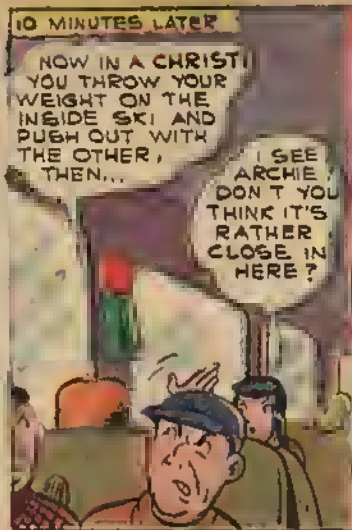
FOR GILFORD, LACONIA,
MEREDITH, NEW HAMP-
TON, PLYMOUTH, HOLD-
ERNESSE, ELLSWORTH,
WOODSTOCK, FRANCONIA
AND ALL POINTS
NOORTH!





ARCHIE, I'LL BET YOU'RE A GOOD SKIER!

WELL... I DON'T LIKE TO BRAG - BUT I CAN SHOW YOU ANYTHING YOU WANT TO LEARN! NOW FIRINSTANCE - TAKE A CROSS - COUNTRY SLALOMN.



10 MINUTES LATER

NOW IN A CHRISTI YOU THROW YOUR WEIGHT ON THE INSIDE SKI AND PUGH OUT WITH THE OTHER, THEN...

I SEE ARCHIE DON'T YOU THINK IT'S RATHER CLOSE IN HERE?

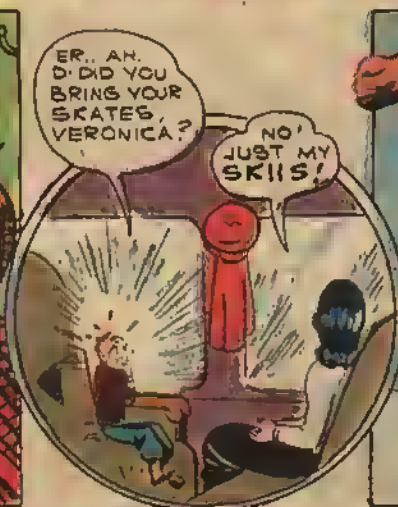


WHY DON'T YOU TAKE YOUR JACKET OFF? HERE I'LL HELP YOU!

ALL RIGHT! THANK YOU!



GULP!



ER.. AH. D'DID YOU BRING YOUR SKATES, VERONICA?

NO! JUST MY SKIS!



GOSH! ISN'T IT SWELL UP HERE?

JUST PERFECT! I CAN HARDLY WAIT TO GET MY SKIS ON!



WAAH...? HERE I COME!

OOOH ARCHIE THAT'S SOLID!



OBOY! AM I HOT!

ARCHIE!
ARCHIE?
WHERE ARE
YOU?

J-J-JUST
COOLING
OFF!

COME ON,
ARCHIE. LET'S
GO UP THE
CHAIR LIFT
AND SKI DOWN
MOUNT ROWE

HUH? UP
THERE? I-ER
GOSH-UH-WE'VE
GOT PLENTY OF
TIME FOR
THAT!

WELL, I'M
GOING UP
EVEN IF
YOU'RE
NOT!

OKAY!
OKAY!
I'LL HELP
YOU ON
THE CHAIR!

S'LONG,
VERONICA.
AN' BE
CAREFUL!

HEY!
LOOK
OUT!

SORRY, BUDDY
BUT THAT'S NO
PLACE TO
STAND!

YOU...YOU...
COME BACK AND
FIGHT LIKE
A MAN!

H-HEY!..
WHAT...?

JEEPERS!
I THINK I
LEFT MY
STOMACH
BACK THERE!

AT THE TOP!

WHY, ARCHIE!
I DIDN'T THINK
YOU WERE
COMING UP!

NEITHER DID
I ER I MEAN
I CHANGED
MY MIND
SUDDENLY!
HEH HEH!

WELL?
ARE YOU
GOING DOWN,
VERONICA?

YOU CAN
GO FIRST,
ARCHIE! PUT
YOUR SKIS!
ON!

W-WELL
I'M ALL
READY
I GUESS!

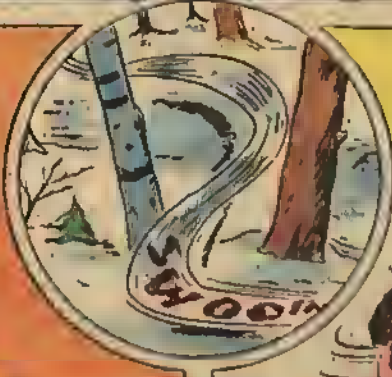
ARCHIE
ANDREWS!
LOOK AT
YOUR SKIS!

HA! WELL, WHAT'A
YA KNOW? I'VE
GOT 'EM ON **BACK-
WARDS!** OH,
WELL, I'LL
JUST TURN
AROUND!

BUT NOW YOU'RE
POINTING THE
WRONG WAY...
ARCHIE!
ARE YOU
STALLING?

HEY!
STOP ME!
I'M MOVING!
I'M SLIPPING!

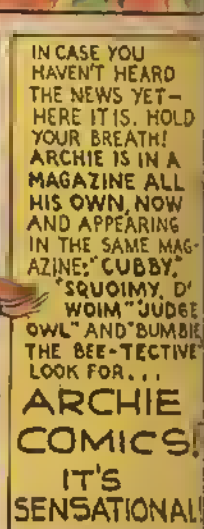
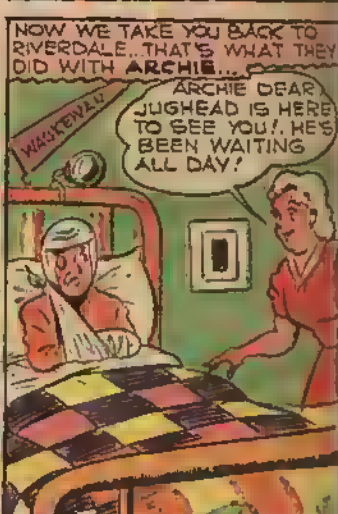
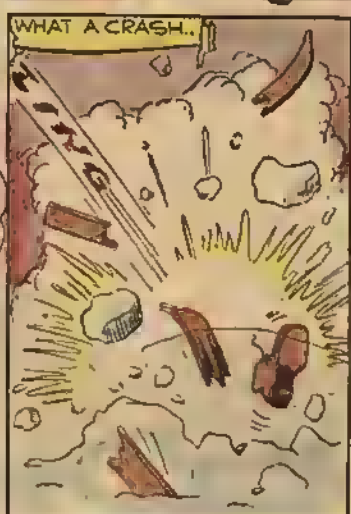
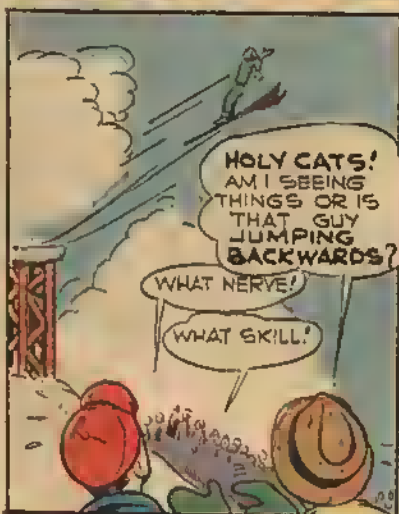
OoOoo OH!
STOP HIM,
SOMEBODY!
HE'S GOING
DOWN **BACK-
WARDS!**



yiiii!

FIRST IT WAS LIL
MICE WITH SNOW-
SHOES H'E NOW
ISH LIL MEN
SHKING BACK
WARDS H'E I
KNEW I SHOULD
N'A TOUCHED
IT!





IN CASE YOU HAVEN'T HEARD THE NEWS YET— HERE IT IS. HOLD YOUR BREATH! ARCHIE IS IN A MAGAZINE ALL HIS OWN, NOW AND APPEARING IN THE SAME MAGAZINE: "CUBBY," "SQUOIMY, D' WOIM" "JUDGE OWL" AND "BUMBLE THE BEE-TECTIVE" LOOK FOR...

ARCHIE COMICS!
IT'S SENSATIONAL!

Jim Prentice
ANNOUNCES HIS **Super**
ELECTRIC FOOTBALL

Hi Boys!

These new Electric Great and
Small on Board Wood Frames
also in a 14 inch Electric
and Illuminated Colour
Condenser Engraved Glass
with. BE SURE you get it
at Christmas.

One Minute to Play--
70 yds. Down the field

[illegible]

This is the greatest game ever invented, America's No. One Best Seller. Comes in an attractive gift box \$2 postpaid. Battle is available at your neighborhood store.

Electric
Baseball

A FEASTING big steaks
large assortment of all
kinds of meats and
vegetables plenty of car-
rots and celery at op-
portunity in fact has
been attended. whether
you're "it hot" or "it
cold" the food is complete
with the best of
the season's produce.
Light fare for the
rest, the price and
the best

ELECTRIC BASEBALL

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ELECTRIC FOOTBALL 32, 141 Ballistics.

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CHOOSE YOUR PRIZE!

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32 PC.
DINNER
SET

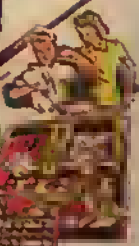
Girls!
Boys!
Get this fine
'ROSE' DIN-
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one order. Sent Ex-
pressage Collect



GIRLS! You'll
love this FULL
SIZE TOILET &
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order.



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Boys! Don't miss the
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Newest type which with
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one order



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for selling only
one order. plus 75c
extra.



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You can be a
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hat. All given for selling
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Please send me your Big Prize Catalog and one
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BOYS! GIRLS! Do like thousands of others. Get swell prizes
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It is easy to sell these Xmas Packs to your family, friends,
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in brilliant colors—a big value. When sold, send us the
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Mail the coupon today for Xmas Packs and our Big Prize
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WE TRUST YOU.

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